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New Series

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THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In the first Number of our New Series, which we here present to our readers, we trust that they will perceive, that the solicitude to afford them gratification, which during seven years has been the object of our exertions, is by no means abated. We have the presumption to anticipate their approval of the alterations that have been made in the arrangement of the work, in which experience will doubtless enable us to introduce farther improvements; and though some few individuals may perhaps experience disappointment at the omission of certain articles which they have been accustomed to find in our pages, we are confident, that the general voice will pronounce in favour of our endeavours to heighten their interest and to enlarge the sphere of their utility.

We beg leave to call the attention of the purchasers of the First Series of the Repository to the announcement, in our Literary Intelligence, of a Supplementary Number, which will contain a General Index and an Appendix to the Retrospect of Politics. This Number will be sold at a very low price, and being necessary for the completion of the Series, we suggest the propriety of withholding the 14*th volume from the binder till after its publication, which is expected to take place on the* 1*st of February.*

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expence. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The attention of our fair readers, especially those resident in the country, is requested to our notice respecting an extension of our observations on Female Fashions, which we trust will give them general satisfaction.

The communication on Architectural Criticism was received too late for insertion in the present Number, but will find a place in our next, and will be acceptable, it is presumed, to our readers, both on account of its novelty and general interest.

R. *on the Character of Bonaparte, wants novelty.*

If Stella, Somerset, *and others of our poetical contributors, should feel disappointed at our apparent neglect of their favours, we assure them, that their exclusion is solely attributable to the management of the printer.*

The contributions of our literary friends on every subject calculated to amuse, interest, or inform, are earnestly solicited.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I. JANUARY 1, 1816. No. I.

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FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 1.—COTTAGE ORNEE.

THE commencement of this New Series of the *Repository* affords an opportunity to introduce, with other novelties, a subject presumed to be of extensive interest, as it will embrace, in continuation, a large portion of the means by which convenience, usefulness, and beauty are obtained, in a various, though properly circumscribed view of architectural and rural improvement. These speculations, so intimately connected with the elegancies of social life, are now generally cultivated by the affluent: indeed these arts have acquired a patronage and encouragement unknown in earlier times; for in proportion to the extensive increase of knowledge, and the consequent refinement of the public taste, a just appreciation has been formed of the advantages which result from science towards the perfect understanding of those laws of proportion and style, that in all cases may be superadded to fitness and accommodation. Hence whilst public bodies, with an unexampled boldness and munificence, erect splendid edifices that are permanent monuments of glory to our cities, the country scenery is converted, by the taste of individuals, into an extensive and embellished garden.

To the subject of the latter only the "Architectural Hints" are intended to apply; the greater works of art must ever remain wholly with the professional artist, and his hands must be completely liberated from the shackles by which fashion, or caprice, too frequently encumbers them, if it be expected that our own nation shall rival in excellence even the vestiges of taste that time has spared for our instruction; nor is it expected, that any thing offered in these pages will make needless the architect's valuable assistance. It is hoped, however, that useful matter will be found in them, and that they will lead to many points, both in the theoretical and practical economy of rural im-

provement, not usually contemplated by the amateur; although it is certain, that very little will be advanced that can be new to the enlightened and scientific professor.

The plate annexed represents the elevation and plan of a cottage ornée: the apartments on the ground-floor are a hall, parlour, dining-room, and study, a store-room, kitchen, and scullery; under the three latter are a larder, coal-cellar, aleand beer-cellar, and a moderate-sized wine-cellar: the stairs to these are under the best stairs, and commence at A. On the chamber-floor would be five bedrooms and a closet. A verandah, formed by the roof, encompasses the principal apartments, affords shelter to them, and forms either a walk or a sort of open conservatory for plants. By permitting the parlour to have casements opening to the floor, and communicating to the verandah on each side, a very pleasant and pictorial summer-room would be obtained; and if in winter outside shutters were added, the quantity of window would not be objectionable to many persons, even at that season.

The elevation exhibited is towards the garden, and it is rendered picturesque by the arched interruptions to the otherwise level line of the verandah, and by the bay window which increases the length of the parlour; the roof is supported by the stems of small trees, and an occasional trellis-work is introduced for the purpose of receiving ornamental foliage, which may be entwined about it: indeed, the construction of this cottage would allow so extensive an application of plants, that the lower apartments of the garden front might be completely embowered. The entrance front would be more simple here; the verandah is abridged, the walls would be carried as high as the gable of the garden front, and a small porch introduced, covered with thatch and supported by plain octagon pillars.

The cottage ornée is a fertile theme, and from its interest will of course be frequently reverted to, particularly as relates to the decoration of the apartments: it will not, however, be wholly foreign to the general subject, if some observations are made on the cottage of the husbandman. Of his humble dwelling the character of style cannot be too simple: the ornaments which fancy in her playful mood may suggest, ill associate with the modest and moderate claims of this respectable and useful class of society; the symbols of ease and luxury are incongruous with his laborious life and frugal means, and ought therefore to be omitted: but a gracefulness of form and proportion is as applicable to this edifice as to the mansion, and there are also genuine embellishments belonging to the cottage of the British labourer, which if denied, an important source of rural beauty has lost its best sentiment with its greatest charm: the broken casement, the patched wall, the sunken roof, the hatch unhinged, the withered shrub, are corresponding testimonies of the husbandman's relaxed energies and broken spirit.

The porch in which he rests after the fatigues of the day, ornamented by some flowering creeper, at once

affords him shade and repose; neatness and cleanliness connected with these and other means of external cheerfulness, bespeak that elasticity of mind, that spring of action, which produce industry and cheerfulness, and demonstrate that peace and content at least dwell with its inhabitants.

The labourer's cottage should be placed in a situation so raised above the common level of the ground, that the rains and meltings of the snow shall readily escape from it; although the chamber should invariably be above stairs, some part of the family occasionally sleep on the ground-floor, which, notwithstanding it may be boarded, is often rendered unhealthful by the damps that are commonly concealed beneath it: the dryness of his habitation is among the foremost of the husbandman's comforts.

If it be possible, the lowest part of the wall should be higher than the level of the highest standing water in the ponds and ditches about its neighbourhood, or the foundation will partake of their contents, and drains should be made from it that the water, which will from various sources collect there, may immediately be carried off. Without this precaution, the trench that is dug for the foundation becomes a reservoir for all the water that falls about it; and it is this water which, having no means of escape, too frequently rises by capillary attractions, as also by the absorbing nature of the materials of which the building is composed, to some feet above the floor of the lower apartments of a house, and damages the skirtings, dadoes, and plastering: to this stagnant water is often traced that corruption which causes the dry-rot in its floors and timbers. Where a drain cannot be made from the foundation, owing to the necessity of building in a low situation, the capillary attraction should be arrested by a course of slates, lead, or other substance, placed all round the building the whole width of the walls and immediately above the level of the ground.

It may be readily conceived, that when the earth is wet on which a house is built, the consequent rarefaction of the air, produced by fires or by the mere inclosure, will cause an exudation of moisture from it, that will render the lower rooms unhealthful to the inhabitants. This will, however, soon become dry, and cease to issue these vapours, unless the wet is renewed by the progress of water through the substrata of the earth: when this circumstance is suspected, and it is one that must take place when the building is on the side of a hill, it is judicious to cut a channel or ditch several feet deep a few yards above the site of the house, and extending some yards on each side of it, so disposing the channel, that the water it collects may thence be conveyed to drains in the lower ground beyond the building itself; if the channel be made narrow at the bottom, and large stones or brick rubbish be thrown in to about two feet deep, these covered with bush-wood, and the ground filled in upon them, the drain will not be perceived, and large quantities of water may often be diverted from its natural course, that, without some such remedy, would render the building uninhabitable. These ob-

servations may be considered as applicable to buildings in general.

A gentleman in Surrey, whose name does not immediately occur, has built cottages for his work-people, and of necessity in a very damp situation, it being low, and near the current of the river Wandle: he has succeeded in intercepting the damps, by covering the area of the whole cottage, even including the walls, with the composition called *tessera:* it lies on the ground and on the walls, both being prepared for it, one step or six inches above the common level of the ground. The tessera being kept at a medium temperature by the continually wet earth beneath it, fully answers this purpose: it is not, however, intended to bestow encomiums upon it for any other.

It is desirable, that every situation adopted for the cottage should afford to it a piece of ground for a small garden: usually the policy as well as the humanity of the proprietor will suggest the necessity of such a disposition of a small part of his domain. There are moments of leisure and remains of strength and spirits, even after a hard day's toil, that the uncultivated mind of the husbandman cannot afford to lose in idleness, and he has but little refuge from the temptations of the village alehouse, if the culture of such a piece of ground is denied him. A fruit-tree or two are planted with little expence; they afford a produce to his family of great value; and by the potatoes and herbage that he cultivates as substitutes for more expensive fare, he is enabled to save something for those little purchases which many cottagers feel the want of severely during the inclemencies of winter. The morals of the man are preserved, the example of a sober and industrious father is before his children, the wife is happy in the presence of her husband, and society rejoices that another of its members is an honour to his humble state. There is no important work so cheaply effected, perhaps, as thus amending the condition of the poor, in thus allowing them the exercise of so much of the natural pride of the human heart as may be innocently effective of the works of pride; and happy indeed is he who feels its influence, and evinces it only by the neatness of his habitation, and by the quantity or quality of the vegetable which, by his care and industry, his little garden produces.

The materials of which a cottage is to be built depend greatly on the nature of the supply the county of its site affords; wood, with brick pannels, covered with rough-cast. Brick, rough-casted or coloured, or stone, for the walls, is to be preferred; and reeds, straw, or slates for the roof. A tasteful mind will readily select those materials which, when combined, shall make an agreeable whole; and, in a future paper, some observations will be introduced, on the selection and harmony of colours dependent on these materials, its surrounding landscape, and distant scenery. A cheap walling for cottages is made in some counties of the west of England, which the builders denominate cob-work: it is a compost of clay, small gravel, and straw, beaten well together, and applied of a substance sufficient to form the wall, which is usually from 15 to 18

inches thick. A more scientific and durable walling has been some time adopted, introduced to us by the late Mr. Holland, the architect. It is called *pisé*, and is in great repute in Italy and the south of France; at this time it is well known in England. If several cottages are to be built for the labouring class of men, it is on every account worthy to be adopted. A foundation of stone or brick must be prepared to receive the *pisé*, about a foot and a half above the surface of the ground; the native loam is then prepared, and a species of coffer or chest is applied to the foundation, and so arranged that the loam may be thrown into it, and compressed, by frequent beatings with a mallet, to form a portion of the wall the size of the coffer. When this portion is complete, the chest is moved forward to form the next portion, and so on until the wall is about two or three feet high; upon this the same operation takes place, and is repeated until the *pisé* wall is high enough to receive the roof: the doors and windows are cut out after the wall is otherwise completed. The process at length will be found in the quarto volume of *Communications* published by the Board of Agriculture about sixteen years ago: a greatly improved operation of the *pisé* walling has since been separately published.

CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

ARCHITECTS.

Epochs of the History of Architecture.

GREEK architecture derived its origin from that of Egypt and Phœnicia. Cecrops, the founder of Athens, Danaus, the founder of Argos, and Cadmus, the builder of Thebes, brought it from those countries, and introduced it among the people of Greece, who were in a state of barbarism till their arrival. But the sublime and unfettered genius of the Greek, and especially of the Ionic-Greek tribes, here imparted to it a peculiar and equally original and worthy form. From this style originated the Hetrurian, and, at a later period, the Roman architecture. It presents itself in the following four epochs.

First Epoch.

From the most ancient times to Pericles; or,

From Erysichthon to Libon and Ictinus.

The character of architecture during this epoch is dignified simplicity and colossal form; an approach to beauty by the purely symmetrical combination of all the principal parts into one whole.

In this character it was applied only to the erection of temples.

The remains of this epoch are—

1. The ruins of the temple of Corinth.
2. The ruins of Pæstum.
3. The ruins of Agrigentum, Segesta, Selinus, and Syracuse.
4. The ruins of the temple of Theseus.

Second Epoch.

From Pericles to Alexander the Great; or,

From Ictinus and Callicrates to Dinochares.

The character of architecture during this period is imposing magnitude of the whole, combined with perfect beauty in the details. Its grandeur was not merely harmonious in its principal masses, and highly suitable to the object, but also perfectly tasteful or beautiful in its minor parts. During this period the higher style of architecture was not confined to temples, but extended to theatres, gymnasiums, odeons, treasuries, and other public edifices.

The oldest of the orders, the Doric, was still retained in an embellished and more slender form; the Ionic was also beautified, and the Corinthian invented in this interval.

It produced the following buildings, of most of which ruins are still extant:—

1. The Acropolis, together with the Propylæa at Athens.
2. The temple of Pallas on Cape Sunium.
3. The temple of Jupiter Olympius at Olympia.
4. The temple of Apollo at Delphi.
5. The temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus.
6. The theatre at the same place.
7. The temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, together with the theatre at Ægina.
8. The temple of Minerva Alea at Tegea.

Third Epoch.

From Alexander the Great to Hadrian; or,

From Cleomenes and Dinochares to Apollodorus.

The character of architecture during this epoch consists almost solely in aiming at a more agreeable, more beautiful, and more tasteful form, both in the whole and in the parts. The ancient simplicity was forsaken, and, on this account, the ancient Doric was very rarely employed; the Ionic more frequently, and the Corinthian in preference to either.

During this period the higher order of architecture began to be chiefly applied to private habitations.

Some of the principal buildings which were erected in it, and with the ruins of which we are still acquainted, are—

1. The temple and palaces of Palmyra.
2. The Pantheon at Rome.
3. The ruins of the Golden House at Rome.
4. The ruins of the palace and baths of Titus.

Fourth Epoch.

From Hadrian to Theodoric; or,

From Apollodorus to ———.

The character of architecture in this epoch is, an overloading of the beautiful with decorations to the total decline of the art.

The principal structures, the ruins of which still exist, are—

1. Hadrian's villa at Tivoli.
2. The temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens.
3. The baths of Caracalla and of Dioclesian at Rome.

ARCHITECTS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; THEIR PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

ERYSICHTHON, son of Cecrops, of Athens. He built the temple of Apollo in Delos, which being afterwards enlarged at the joint expence of all Greece, was one of the noblest edifices of antiquity.

THEODORUS, of Samos, before Christ

700. His works were, the labyrinth of Lemnos, which Pliny even prefers before those of Crete and Egypt; some buildings at Sparta, and the temple of Juno at Samos. To this artist the ancients ascribe many inventions of great utility in architecture.

Hermogenes, of Alabanda, B. C. 650. The temple of Bacchus in Teios; the temple of Diana at Magnesia.

Agamedes, of Delphi, B. C. 600. The first magnificent temple of Apollo at Delphi was the work of this artist and of Trophonius.

Trophonius, of Delphi, B. C. 600.—See Agamedes, above.

Memnon, of Persia, B. C. 600. A palace of king Cyrus at Ecbatana.

Chersiphron, of Ephesus, B. C. 600. The first temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was burned by Erostratus.

Demetrius, of Ephesus, B. C. 540. He continued the building of the first temple of Diana at Ephesus begun by Chersiphron.

Pæonius, of Ephesus, B. C. 420. He completed the building of the same temple, which took from 220 to 240 years.

Eupalinos, of Megara, B. C. 500. Many edifices in Samos; a celebrated aqueduct there.

Mandrocles, of Samos, B. C. 500. The wooden bridge which was thrown, by command of Darius, over the Thracian Bosphorus.

Chirosophos, of Crete, B. C. 500. The temple of Ceres and Proserpine; the temple of the Paphian Venus; the temple of Apollo—all at Tegea.

Pythius, of Priene, B. C. 450. Design for the temple of Pallas at Priene; the celebrated mausoleum of Artemisia in Caria, in which work he was assisted by Satirus.

Spintharus, of Corinth, B. C. 450. He rebuilt the temple of Apollo at Delphi, after it had been destroyed by fire.

Agaptus, of Elis, B. C. 450. Portico at Elis.

Libon, of Elis, B. C. 450. The temple of Jupiter Olympius at Olympia: equally celebrated for his architecture and for the statue of the same god by Phidias.

Amphion, of Thebes, B. C. 600. The citadel of Thebes, called Cadmea.

Ictinus, of Athens, B. C. 450. The temple of Pallas Athene in the Acropolis at Athens; the temple of Ceres and Proserpine at Eleusis; the temple of Apollo Epicurius in Arcadia.

Callicrates, of Athens, B. C. 450. He assisted Ictinus in the erection of the Parthenon.

Mnesicles, of Athens, B. C. 450. The Propylæa of the Parthenon at Athens.

Corœbus, of Eleusis, B. C. 450. The Celesterium at Eleusis.

Antistates, of Athens, B. C. 450. A temple of Jupiter at Athens.

Archias, of Corinth, B. C. 400. Many temples and other edifices at Syracuse.

Callias, of Aradus, B. C. 400. Many temples and other edifices in Rhodes.

Argelius, B. C. 400. The temple of the Ionian Æsculapius.

Mnesthes, B. C. 400. The temple of Apollo at Magnesia.

Cleomenes, of Athens, B. C. 350. The plan of the city of Alexandria, in Egypt.

Dinochares, of Macedonia, B. C. 350. He rebuilt the temple of Diana at Ephesus; continued the building of Alexandria; and proposed to transform mount Athos into a colossal figure.

Andronicus, of Athens, B. C. 350. The Tower of the Winds, still standing at Athens.

Epimachus, of Athens, B. C. 300. A storm-tower.

Sostratus, of Gnidus, B. C. 300. The Pharos of Alexandria.

Philo, of Athens, B. C. 300. He enlarged the arsenal and the Piræus at Athens, and erected the great theatre in that city which was rebuilt by order of Hadrian.

Eupolemos, of Argos, B. C. 300. Several temples and a theatre in that city.

Phæax, of Agrigentum, B. C. 200. Several works at Agrigentum.

Cossutius, of Rome, B. C. 196. Design for the temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens.

Hermodorus, of Salamis, B. C. 100. The temple of Jupiter Stator in the Forum at Rome; the temple of Mars in the Circus Flaminius at Rome.

Muzius, of Rome, B. C. 100. The temple of Honour and Virtue, near the trophies of Marius, at Rome.

Valerius, of Rome, B. C. 100. Several amphitheatres with roofs.

Batrachus, of Laconia, B. C. 40. Several temples at Rome were built by him and Sauros.

Sauros, of Laconia, B. C. 40.—See the preceding.

Polycritus.

Dexiphanes, of Cyprus, B. C. 40. He rebuilt the Pharos of Alexandria, by command of Cleopatra, after the old one had fallen down.

Cyrus, of Rome, B. C. 35. Cicero's Villa Tusculana, or at least some of the buildings belonging to it.

Postumius, of Rome, B. C. 30. Many works at Rome and Naples.

Cocceius Auctus, of Rome, B. C. 30. The grotto of Pozzuolo, and likewise the grotto of Cumæ, near the Lago d'Averno.

Fussitius, of Rome, B. C. 30. Several works at Rome. He was the first who wrote on the subject of architecture at Rome.

Vitruvius Pollio, of Formiæ, after Christ 1. A Basilica Justitiæ, or a court of justice at Fano. He is chiefly eminent for his invaluable works on architecture.

Vitruvius Cerdo, of Verona, A. C. 1. A triumphal arch at Verona.

Celer, of Rome, A. C. 50. The Golden House of Nero, built by him and Severus.

Severus, of Rome, A.C. 50.—See Celer.

Rabirius, of Rome, A. C. 80. The palace of Domitian on Mount Palatine.

Mustius, of Rome, A. C. 90. A temple of Ceres at Rome.

Frontinus, of Rome, A. C. 100. He was the author of a remarkable work, still extant, on the Roman aqueducts.

Apollodorus, of Damascus. The celebrated Forum Trajani at Rome; the bridge over the Danube, in Lower Hungary.

Lacer, of Rome. A bridge over the Tagus, in Spain; and a temple, now dedicated to San Giuliano.

Detrianus, of Rome. The Moles Hadriana and the contiguous Pons Ælius, the present Castello and Ponte Sant-Angelo. Several other magnificent edifices in and near Rome.

Antoninus, the senator, of Rome. A pantheon at Epidaurus; the baths of Æsculapius.

Hippias. Various baths.

Nicon, of Pergamus, A. C. 150. Several admirable works at Pergamus.

(To be continued.)

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

In commencing a series of papers under this title, it would be superfluous to expatiate on the utility of the application of the arts to the purposes of common life. This is sufficiently demonstrated by the important improvements in almost every department of domestic economy, which have resulted from the investigations and discoveries of scientific men. The science of chemistry alone has, within these few years, created various new branches of industry; it has improved a still greater number, and made public almost all the secrets of certain arts. The Domestic Commonplace-Book is designed to bring before the public, in a popular form, all

such genuine receipts, hints, and facts, offered by the arts and sciences, together with original information, not to be met with elsewhere, as are of universal interest, but more particularly concern the heads or superintendents of household establishments. We earnestly invite the communications of authentic information suitable for this portion of our Miscellany; and from the assistance which we have already secured, we venture to promise our readers a collection equally diversified, amusing, and valuable; by means of which any of them will be enabled, without the necessity of previous study, not only to extend the sphere of their comforts and enjoyments, but also to detect, with the same certainty as the professed chemist, the various fraudulent adulterations, by which health is often undermined and life itself sometimes endangered.

ON THE GENERAL NATURE OF FOREIGN WINES, AND EASY METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THEIR RELATIVE STRENGTH, OR THE QUANTITY OF SPIRIT WHICH THEY CONTAIN.

Preliminary Observations.

WINE appears to have been known in the earliest ages of the world; the Scriptures inform us, that Noah planted a vineyard, and drank wine. Every body knows, that no product of the arts varies so much as this substance, and that there is a great variety in the colour, flavour, quality, and strength of wine, which depend not less on the quality of the grape from which the wine is prepared, modified by climate, soil, and culture, than on the manner in which the wine is manufactured.

If the grapes be gathered unripe, the wine abounds with acid, and has a thin, sharp taste; but if the fruit be gathered ripe, the wine is rich and strong-bodied.

If the wine be casked in an early stage of the fermentation, it becomes brisk, sparkling, and lively, on account of the predominant quality of carbonic acid gas, which is rapidly disengaged when the bottle is opened. Such wines are not sufficiently *ripe*, they contain little or no spirit, and soon become vapid or flat. Champagne may serve as an example.

Sweet wines always abound in sugar; they do not keep well, because they contain no tartar, or tartrite of potash, which is essential to the constitution of all wines.

The best of the red wines of France, namely, claret of Bourdeaux, and those of Burgundy and Languedoc, although they contain tartrite of potash, abound in mucilage; and they do not keep well on that account.

The wines of Germany, which are white and full of spirit, are almost free from mucilage, and therefore keep for a long time, and improve much by age. Hock, which is a famous German wine, is almost free from mucilage; it is one of the most perfect wines produced by nature and art.

The Italian wines are always well fermented, and greatly resemble those of the south of France. Syracuse, for example, which is a rich, generous, and very delicious wine, abounds in sugar and mucilage; it contains but little spirit, and is almost free from tartar, or tartrite of potash. The quantity of mucilage which is contained in this and several other Italian wines, is often so great, that it may be separated and its quantity ascertained, by evaporating or boiling down the wine to about one-fourth of its bulk, and then mingling it with alcohol. By this means the muci-

lage will coagulate and fall to the bottom. In sherry the quantity of mucilage is comparatively small. In Malaga it is much larger; but the wines of Alicant, which are reckoned cordials, are full of it.

The wines of the Cape of Good Hope are the best, or at least most perfect, of all wines; they are full-bodied, highly spirituous, and absolutely free from mucilage.

The wines of Portugal, which are mostly red, differ very much from all other wines, in containing, besides the usual ingredients, a considerable portion of *tan;* and hence they have a rough and astringent taste. The quantity of tanning matter may readily be ascertained, from the quantity of a solution of isinglass or glue, which they are capable of decomposing*.

But as it is not our intention to speak of the general chemical constitution of wines, but merely on the method of ascertaining their comparative strength, we shall not enlarge on this subject, and content ourselves with observing, that the immediate constituent parts of wine are the following, not to mention water, which forms a considerable portion in every wine; namely, *alcohol*, or *spirit of wine*, *supertartrite* of *potash*, or *cremor tartar* as it is commonly called, *malic acid*, and *extractive matter*. The quantity of extractive matter and supertartrite of potash diminishes and becomes gradually precipitated as the wine grows old: these substances form the crust in the cask and bottles in which wine is kept, and to this is owing the improvement of wine by age. The red colour of wines proceeds from the husk of the grape, and not from the juice: hence white wines are frequently prepared from red grapes, the liquor being drawn off before it has extracted the colouring matter from the husk, or by allowing no husk to remain mixed with the juice: therefore the skin of the grape alone gives the colour to wine. Malic acid is most abundant in thin, poor, and ill-fermented wines: whereas full-bodied, rich wines are nearly free from it. If wines are examined chemically in this respect, it has been found, that the quantity of acid is always in the inverse ratio of the quantity of spirit which the wine contains.

The quantity of spirit is very different in different wines, and may be easily ascertained, in the following manner, by those who are not familiar with chemical processes.

Easy Method of ascertaining the relative and real Strength of foreign Wines, or Quantity of Spirit which they contain.

Take any quantity of wine, and drop into it a solution of acetite of lead (sugar of lead), till no farther precipitate ensues. The precipitate thus produced, consists of the extractive and colouring matter of the wine, combined with the substance added to effect its separation. Then filter the fluid, and add to it as much dry salt of tartar, or pearl-ash, as it will dissolve. The filtered fluid consists of the alco-

* From this fact, we might be led to suppose, that those who drink large quantities of port wine, stood a chance of having their stomachs tanned, or, more or less, converted into leather. Indeed it is not impossible that the coats of that organ may become, in some measure, hardened by the constant use of this liquor.

hol or spirit which was contained in the wine, and also the water which it contained; now by adding salt of tartar or pearl-ash to this compound, the water combines with the pearl-ash, and the spirit is set at liberty, and floats at the top of the fluid. If this experiment be made in a glass tube graduated into 100 parts, the quantity of spirit may be read off by mere inspection. A French chemist has lately recommended* the substitution of very finely powdered litharge, for the acetite or sugar of lead. From an extensive series of experiments made, the following facts have been ascertained.

TABLE *shewing the Quantity of highly rectified Spirit of Wine, or Alcohol, contained in various Kinds of Wine.*

100 *Parts of Wine afforded*	*Parts of Alcohol.*
Port wine afforded, upon an average	21.50
Ditto, highest	32.46
Ditto, lowest	16.25
Sherry, six samples, upon an average	18.00
Ditto, highest	21.81
Ditto, lowest	16.75
Madeira, four samples, upon an average, highest	19.00
Ditto, lowest	16.75
Claret, average of eight samples	12.00
Lisbon, average of four samples	10.75
Burgundy, four samples, highest	9.50
Ditto, six samples, lowest	7.00
Hock, four samples	36.75
Vin de Grave, four samples	6.00
Cape Madeira, two samples	16.00

Some doubt may perhaps be excited of the accuracy of this statement, by a reference to the comparative intoxicating effects of wine when compared with the same quantity of alcohol or brandy. But let it be remembered, that in wine the alcohol exists in a state of chemical combination with other substances, which necessarily diminishes its activity on the animal system.

* *Annales de Chimie*, vol. LVI. p. 175.

ADULTERATION OF PEPPER.

To the Editor, &c. &c.

SIR,——Your Magazine being open to whatever is useful to be known in the arts and public affairs of life, I am induced to forward to you herewith a sample of artificial pepper-corns, which are manufactured somewhere, and fraudulently mixed with real pepper. The mode of detecting the cheat is easy. It is only necessary to throw a handful of the suspected pepper into a bowl of water; the artificial pepper-corns, which are made of clay and ground peas, speedily fall to powder, or become partly dissolved, whilst the true pepper-corns remain whole. I hope you will insert this notice, because the fraud should be publicly known; for such an adulteration may prove, in many cases of household economy, exceedingly vexatious and prejudicial to those who ignorantly make use of such pepper. I have examined large packages of both black and white pepper, and have found them to contain 25 per cent. of this artificial compound; and I have been told it is chiefly used for pepper destined to go to our neighbours on the other side of the Channel.

I am, &c. T. B.

METHOD OF RENDERING LEATHER WATER-PROOF.

It is sufficiently known, that the object of the common mode of *currying* leather for shoes, boots, &c. consists in soaking the hides in water as they come from the tanner, and then impregnating them with oil, to render them impervious to moisture, and therefore proper to defend the feet from the inclemency of the seasons. But nevertheless common boot and shoe leather is still in some degree pervious to water, particularly by long exposure to wet; and therefore fishermen, wild fowl-shooters, and those whose employment or amusement leads them to be long on wet ground, are hereby informed, that their boots and shoes may be rendered perfectly water-proof in the following manner*:—

Mix together in a pipkin ¼ lb. tallow, 3 oz. hog's lard, 3 oz. of common turpentine, 1 oz. of shellac, and 1 oz. bees' wax. Make the boots or shoes *perfectly dry* (this is absolutely essential) and warm, and rub in this mixture as hot as possible, and repeat this operation every other day, for at least four times, successively. The articles thus impregnated will be found perfectly water-proof.

* We are indebted for this information to a chemical friend, who is a punt-shooter in the fenny parts of England, and who has made a series of experiments on this subject.

TEST TO DISTINGUISH IRON FROM STEEL.

Chemists possess a ready method of distinguishing iron from steel, which is not sufficiently known to those who are not familiar with chemical science, and the knowledge of which may often lead to useful purposes. The test is as follows:—

When a drop of dilute nitric acid, or aqua fortis, is put upon steel, and allowed to remain upon it for a few minutes, and then washed off with water, it will leave a *black* spot: whereas the spot formed by nitric acid upon iron is *grey*.

The colour of the black spot is owing to the carbon of the steel, which is converted into charcoal by the acid, and in that state is distinguishable by the eye: whereas upon iron, which is nearly free from carbon, this effect cannot take place.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

BEATRIX CENCI.

There is scarcely a stranger who has resided for any time at Rome, but must have heard of Beatrix Cenci, who, descended from one of the first families of that city in the 16th century, and richly endued by nature with all the charms of person, was convicted of parricide, and publicly executed, during the reign of Pope Paul V. and involved her whole family in total ruin. The beautiful Borghese park near the Porta del Popolo, which has been adorned by a succession of respectable proprietors with a variety of treasures of art, which forms, through

their liberality, the finest public promenade in the environs of Rome, and once belonged to the possessions of her family, still frequently reminds its inhabitants of her name. The popular tradition still agrees in many parts with her tragic history; and the numerous portraits of her preserved in various galleries at Rome—of which, however, that in the Villa Aldobrandini, near Frascati, alone is genuine—heighten the melancholy sensation which her fate, as well as her crime, is calculated to excite. If we except Muratori, there is not any writer, even of Italy, who has given any thing like a circumstantial account of her; and yet her story, which would afford a fit subject either for the drama or the imitative arts, deserves to be better known than it is. The following account is extracted from a cotemporary manuscript, preserved in the library of a distinguished family at Rome. It is entitled,

THE DEATH OF FRANCESCO CENCI;

Together with the Trial and Execution of his Wife and two of his Children.

Francesco Cenci belonged to one of the most distinguished and most ancient families of Rome. As the only son of an opulent *marchese*, he inherited at his death a considerable fortune; and by the bequest of a Monsignore Cenci, his father's brother, who had amassed great wealth under Pope Pius V. it was so increased, that he derived from all his possessions a yearly revenue of 80,000 Roman scudi, which in those times was a very large sum. He was twice married. His first wife was a rich Roman lady of high rank, by whom he had six children, four sons and two daughters. Soon after her death, he united himself with another young and beautiful female, of high birth, but poor; and by her he had no issue. Born in the lap of Fortune, and favoured by all external circumstances, he might have ended his life as happily as he commenced it, had not the most frightful passions made themselves masters of his soul, and prepared for himself and his family that ruin, which the philanthropist cannot think of without horror. A disobedient subject, he was at the same time a bad citizen, who kept a number of banditti in his mansions for the purpose of revenging every affront; a bad husband, enslaved by lust and the basest avarice; but above all, a cruel and unnatural father: so that his life, even in that immoral age, excited the most deserved abhorrence among the nobility of Rome.

His three eldest sons, Jacob, Christopher, and Roche, had been sent by him, while still very young, to the university of Salamanca, in Spain. It was not a laudable solicitude to procure them superior means of instruction, but the most sordid avarice that induced him to remove them to such a distance from Rome, where an education suitable to their rank would have been attended with greater expence. He left these unfortunate youths to languish in a foreign country upon a scanty pittance; so that when all their applications to him for an allowance more adequate to their wants had proved ineffectual, they found themselves necessitated to have recourse to the Pope himself, who fixed the sum that was to be paid yearly for their mainte-

nance. He treated his two daughters with the like severity. They too were obliged to complain of their cruel father to the Pope, who, moved by the account of the ill treatment which they had received, gave the eldest in marriage to Gabrielli, a gentleman of Gubbio, and thus saved her from the catastrophe which soon afterwards befel her family. The youngest only, named Beatrix, was left in the hands of the father, who, incensed in the highest degree at the invasion of his paternal rights by the Pope in the marriage of his elder daughter, sent for his sons home from Salamanca, that he might wreak his vengeance on their innocent heads.

Two of these, however, not long after their return, were suddenly placed out of the reach of his tyranny—they fell by the daggers of assassins. On this occasion the obdurate father shed not a single tear; nay, he was unnatural enough to exclaim, "How happy should I be to get rid of my two other sons in the same manner!"

Beatrix was at this time in the flower of life. Endowed by bountiful Nature with every personal charm, she bore away the palm from all the beauties of Rome, as she combined the exquisite beauty of shape and perfect regularity of features, which distinguish them from the northern fair, with the delicacy of complexion peculiar to the latter. These charms rendered her the idol of the Roman youth of the other sex; but unfortunately for her, they kindled a detestable flame in the bosom of her father, who, stifling the voice of nature and the reproofs of conscience, determined to reserve them for his own enjoyment.

All his attempts to carry his guilty purpose into execution, were, as might be expected, repulsed with just abhorrence. His rage was roused by this resistance; Beatrix patiently endured personal ill usage and confinement in the dungeons of his houses, rather than yield to the criminal desires of her father. At length, when he resolved to try the effect of milder measures, and accordingly set her at liberty, she addressed three successive petitions to the Pope, imploring him to deliver her from her state of torment. Unluckily no answer was returned to these memorials; perhaps because the Pope might be unwilling to interfere again in the domestic affairs of the powerful, malicious, and already exasperated Cenci; or because the father himself might have found means to intercept his daughter's complaints before they could reach the hands of his holiness. The unhappy Beatrix was left a prey to despair in her helpless situation, and every day prepared new torments for her susceptible soul. She now imagined, that there was no other way of escaping these, as well as the threatened dishonour so repugnant to the feelings of a virtuous woman, than by plunging into a crime equally revolting. She conceived the design of abridging her father's life; and it is extremely probable, that if the first idea of this project did not originate with other persons, she was at least encouraged by them to put it in execution.

These persons were her step-mother, her elder brother, and a Monsignore Guerra. The two former

were fellow-sufferers with her from the tyranny of her father. Monsignore Guerra was something more than thirty years of age, and not less amiable for a handsome person and prepossessing manners, than distinguished for his abilities and extensive attainments. A tender attachment to Beatrix, who was not wholly insensible to his love, had instigated him to make several attempts for her rescue. As, however, all his efforts for this purpose had proved fruitless, he was one of the principal advisers consulted on the subject of the new enterprize, which was at length unanimously resolved upon by the four persons above-mentioned.

Francesco Cenci intended to remove for the summer, which is always intolerable at Rome, to the Pedrella, one of his country-seats at Frascati, in the lordship of the House of Colonna, where now stands the celebrated Villa Aldobrandini. Twelve assassins were bribed with the promise of fifty thousand crowns, to lie in wait for him, and dispatch him on the road. Whether he set out earlier than was expected, and before the murderers could take their station; or whether the contract with them was not finally concluded, is not known: but so much is certain, that this plan for getting rid of him completely failed.

At this country-house each day augmented the sufferings of the unhappy family, and especially of Beatrix, whom her father persecuted more than ever with his importunities, which he now enforced with the impious assurance, that he knew, from a divine intimation, that the offspring of their embraces would be a male and a saint. Driven to the brink of despair, the wretched daughter, together with her mother and brother, now projected another plan for her deliverance.

There were at the Pedrella two vassals of Francesco. One of them was named Marzio and the other Olimpio. Both had been already banished from the Ecclesiastical State on account of crimes which they had committed, and kept themselves secreted there. Both too were bitter enemies of Cenci, who had offered them various insults, which they only waited for an opportunity to revenge. They were easily prevailed upon by Beatrix to undertake the intended murder: but that it might be executed without noise and alarm, it was agreed that it should take place in his own chamber. In order to make doubly sure, in the evening before he retired to bed, an opiate was mixed with his drink. The night advanced, the opiate was taken, and the murderers concealed in the house. Beatrix led them from their lurking place to the perpetration of the horrid deed. Provided with the instruments of death, they reached his room, and went up to the bed, where the defenceless and unsuspecting Francesco was locked in the arms of sleep. Beatrix herself, with averted face, stopped trembling at the door. But the darkness of the night, the horror excited by the idea of co-operating in a parricide, the emaciated figure of the slumbering old man, who already looked like the image of death, conspired to paralyze the arms of his two enemies, though thirsting for revenge. Repeatedly

did they draw aside the curtains of the bed; repeatedly were their daggers pointed to the bosom of the sleeping Francesco; but as often did their hands shrink nerveless from the task. An unusual paleness overspread their faces as they returned from his bed to Beatrix. "Have you done the business?" said she to them with a tremulous voice.—"No," replied they, "we had not the courage to murder an old man who seems to be dead already." Beatrix sunk, as if thunderstruck, into an arm-chair. Her whole frame was violently convulsed; it was the conflict between death and life, between honour and disgrace. Amidst this contest of the passions, she sprung furiously from her seat, and, with terrific voice, thus addressed the assassins:—"What! traitors and cowards, have ye not executed my order? By my soul, I swear, that ye shall not go out of this house alive till ye have performed what you promised!"

The awful tone in which she pronounced these words, the threat which they conveyed, and above all the idea that they, disguised in such a place, were exposed to the fury of a female, deterred the assassins from farther opposition. They again entered the chamber of the old man, and while Marzio held an iron wedge to the right temple, his comrade, with one blow of a mallet upon it, dispatched the miserable Cenci. Scarcely had he heaved his last sigh, when his body, covered only with his shirt, was carried into a waste garden adjoining to the house, and thrown into a bush, in order to encourage a belief, that having had occasion to rise in the night, he had fallen over the low wall of a high terrace leading from his bedchamber to the offices, upon a sharp-pointed stake, which penetrating his temple, had occasioned his death.

When the corpse was discovered the following day, not a soul at the Pedrella had the least doubt that this catastrophe was the effect of accident. Beatrix not only gave the two murderers the two thousand scudi which had been promised, but made them considerable presents besides. Olimpio received from her a magnificent sword with a silver hilt, and Marzio a scarlet gold-laced cloak.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTES OF METASTASIO.

THE celebrated Italian poet Metastasio was the son of a shopkeeper at Rome, and was intended for the same profession. The following circumstance led to his removal to that sphere in which he subsequently so much distinguished himself.

The Abbate Gravinna, one of the first scholars of his time at Rome, was on a fine summer evening walking out with a friend in one of the streets near the Porta del Popolo, in the ancient Campo Marzio. He perceived in front of a booth a large concourse of people listening to the singing of some person who was within. He enquired of the bystanders what was the matter; and was informed that it was the son of a shopkeeper, called Trapassi, who was singing extemporary verses. This answer excited his

curiosity; after stopping for some minutes at the door, he pushed through the circle with his friend and entered the booth. Here, in the midst of a great crowd of people of the lower class, he found a boy about ten years old seated, pouring forth, in a most melodious voice, the effusions of his inspired imagination, and accompanying himself on the mandoline. The entrance of the new auditors, whose appearance proclaimed them of the superior class, though it excited some embarrassment among the bystanders, produced not the least impression on the young singer. When he had finished his theme, the abbate, turning to him, said, "Who taught you those verses, my little fellow?"—"Nobody," replied he; "I composed them for my own amusement." — "Then you can make very pretty verses," rejoined the abbate: "you are of course an *improvisatore;* shall I give you a subject?"—The boy signified his compliance, and Gravinna proposed a description of the beauties of a summer evening. The youth tuned his instrument, and in a few moments commenced a song, which he extended to upwards of thirty stanzas, to the utmost astonishment of the proposer. Tears trickled down the cheeks of the latter, and when the performance was finished, he clasped the boy in his arms before the bystanders, exclaiming, "Rejoice, ye Romans! here is a child that affords the promise of a great man!" He offered a scudo to the boy, who refused it, observing that he was glad to have had an opportunity of gratifying a learned man. This was succeeded by a second embrace, and a request to the parents to call upon him the following day with their son. They accepted the invitation, and Gravinna declared, that from that moment he was ready to perform the part of a father to the child. This duty he punctually fulfilled, as he had him educated at his expence till he attained to manhood, and when he died left him sole heir to all that he possessed. Metastasio, even at the most advanced period of his life, could not think without deep emotion of this circumstance, which threw him into the arms of a father and a friend, through whose support he acquired those talents for which he afterwards became so eminent. It is but seldom that a heart so excellent is united with such extraordinary abilities.

Metastasio, who changed his family name of Trapassi for the nearly synonimous Greek appellation of Metastasio, from *Metastasis,* made his *débût* as a writer of operas at Naples. Here he was once involved, in spite of all his efforts to adjust the difference, in a vexatious law-suit, which in the hands of the advocates, of whom there were at that time not fewer than 8000 in the city of Naples, seemed likely to be prolonged into a tedious process. At length he conceived, that the application of the Princess Belmonte to the judges in his behalf, would be the best means of bringing the affair to a speedy issue. He was known to her family, and accordingly repaired one day to her house. The princess, previously informed of Metastasio's talent as an *improvisatore,* told him that she would not fail to exert all her influence for him, if he would sing her on the spot a poetical de-

scription of his case. Metastasio excused himself, partly on account of his distress of mind occasioned by the law-suit, and partly his want of exercise in extemporary versification: but to no purpose; he was obliged to comply. He then began his song, setting forth the affliction which this dispute occasioned him, and all the circumstances attending it: how he could neither sleep nor attend to his occupations; how he was treated by the advocates; together with an admirable delineation of the character of Neapolitan justice, at one time so affecting, and at another so extremely comic and sarcastic, that the princess now shed tears of sympathy, and now laughed till she wept. Upon the whole, she was so delighted with it, that she gave him her promise that the affair should be decided, without farther delay, and desired him to call upon her again in a few days at a particular hour.

Metastasio was punctual to this appointment; but how great was the embarrassment of the poet, who was naturally very shy, on being ushered into a room filled with the most distinguished persons of Naples, including the judges who had to decide his cause, and on being told by the mistress of the house, that this company was assembled to hear him repeat his *improviso* on the subject of his law-suit! "It is out of my power," was his reply.—"How so?"—"I forgot it immediately."—"Well then," rejoined the lady, "let us have a fresh one." By this time he was completely hemmed in by the eager circle, and whatever reluctance he might have felt, was obliged to comply. He now sung for almost half an hour together a kind of Iliad, rich in episodes, but arising naturally out of the subject, with separate stanzas addressed to certain individuals of his auditors, so that when he had finished, all of them flew to him in the greatest ecstasy of delight and loaded him with caresses. The princess declared, that the latter *improviso* was in every respect different from the former; and he himself, notwithstanding his natural modesty, observed, with great *naïveté*, "I do not like improvising, but perhaps I was never so successful as this time; if I am to surpass this attempt, I must be soundly beaten first."

On the following day his suit was decided to his satisfaction; but from that time he gave up the practice of extemporary composition.

The most celebrated *improvisatore* now at Rome is a Trasteverine, by trade a wool-comber, and therefore called Lanaro. He is between thirty and forty years of age, and his person and manners are equally prepossessing. It is a pity that, owing to the low occupation which he follows and poverty, very great poetic abilities are lost in this man; for he is not a mere rhymester, like most of the Italian *improvisatori*, but a genuine poet, though not himself aware of his talents. His extemporary songs abound with elegant images and delicate sentiments; they are both energetic and graceful, nay, even frequently striking and original. If a subject be given him, he takes but a few minutes to prepare for working it up in such a manner as to delight his auditors. He knows Homer, Virgil, and Ovid, in Italian translations, almost by heart; and is inti-

mately acquainted with the ancient mythology and the history of Rome. The writer still recollects, with the greatest pleasure, two extemporary effusions by him on the preeminence of Pallas over Venus, and on the taking of Rome by Brennus, both which subjects were proposed to him for the amusement of a company.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 2.—A CHIMNEY-PIECE OF MONA MARBLE.

THE subject of the annexed plate is a chimney-piece and stove, the former being executed of the *Mona marble*, and ornamented with bronze or or-molu; the design is from Mr. Bullock's extensive and tasteful repository in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square. The importance of this invaluable marble to the purposes of interior decoration, renders the discovery of it highly interesting, as it vies in richness of colour with the precious marbles of antiquity, and affords to the artist, at a reasonable price, a means for this splendid decoration, and for combining it with the colours of the apartment and the furniture.—The columns of the *Repository* will not afford space to notice adequately the merits both of the material and tasteful feeling with which the articles of Mr. Bullock's manufactory are composed; but an early opportunity will be taken to describe the excellencies of the *Mona marble*, and of his peculiar applications of it and of the British oak to splendid furniture.

MISCELLANIES.

MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES OF HARRY HEARTRIVE.

Mr. *Editor*,

WOMEN are generally and in my opinion very unjustly accused of being weak, timid creatures, shrinking from danger, or else encountering it with terror and reluctance. Without combating an opinion of which every day's experience proves the fallacy, I would only ask, whether it is not sufficiently refuted by the courage which the fair sex every day display in the grand affair of matrimony. I do not believe that there ever was a single instance, from the days of Blue Beard to the present time, in which the ill conduct of a widower to a deceased wife was the means of preventing him from geting another. My friend Harry Heartrive was a short time ago a widower for the third time, and neither of his two last wives had survived their marriage a year. A young lady declared, in my presence, that she believed, if the English laws took no more cognisance of men who cut off the heads of their wives, than of those who broke their hearts, Harry would have had recourse to the former method, as a more expeditious one of getting

rid of his helpmates; and in about a month afterwards, I was introduced to this very lady as Mrs. Heartrive. There was resolution for you! that of a man who mounts a breach is nothing to it. As Mr. Heartrive's matrimonial adventures are rather singular, and may perhaps amuse your fair readers, I will, with your permission, Mr. Editor, relate them.

Harry Heartrive was the youngest branch of a respectable family, and in his minority had considerable expectations from an old maiden aunt, who supported him at the university, and declared that he should certainly be her heir; but, at the age of sixty-four, the old lady was captivated with the person and accomplishments of Mr. Brian O'Blarney, who swore that he could not exist unless she married him. He really swore the truth, for her fortune was his last hope; and as Harry was undutiful enough to reproach his aunt with what he called her folly, the good lady left him at the age of twenty-two to shift for himself; bestowing upon him a great deal of good advice, and the *liberal* sum of fifty pounds.

In this dilemma, my friend Harry considered, that as Hymen had ruined his fortune, the deity owed him a reparation, and beseeching his godship to be propitious, he laid formal siege to the heart of the rich Mrs. Blubber, widow of Alderman Blubber, citizen and oil merchant. The lady was in her forty-fifth year, and her person would in some parts of the world have been thought very handsome; for she weighed eighteen stone, was possessed of a regular set of *black* teeth, and her nose was nearly flat to her face: but she had one hundred and fifty thousand pounds at her own disposal, and Harry accepted, with undissembled rapture, the hand that secured him possession of so many *charms*.

Poor Mrs. Blubber began to find out, even in the first week of her honeymoon, that she had, to use her own phrase, made a bad bargain. She was, it must be confessed, a sad compound of ignorance and vulgarity, and what was worse, she was a complete shrew. As she speedily perceived that Harry relaxed in his attentions to her, she began to worry him from morning till night; and the merits of her poor dear dead alderman were incessantly opposed to his defects. Harry retorted with considerable acrimony, but in a war of words she was more than his match, and he was nearly driven out of the field, when he determined to try what effect cool contempt would have upon her. The next time she began one of her harangues on the virtues of her poor dear alderman, he listened for some time with provoking *nonchalance*, and then interrupting her, declared, in a sarcastic tone, that it was a thousand pities she had profited so ill by the example of the amiable alderman, since it was sufficiently obvious, that she had not acquired any of the virtues for which she gave him credit. Seeing her motionless with astonishment and rage, Harry thought it a good time to retreat, and taking his hat, he told her, with a polite bow, that he hoped to find her perfectly composed on his return; and he marched off in triumph, singing,

"Her bosom's the mansion of peace."

As he was determined to give his

lady time to compose herself, he made an excursion to Brighton, and did not return home for a week.

This was a very tolerable beginning, you must allow, Mr. Editor, but much yet remained to be done; his rib was not of a disposition to be so easily conquered, and to attack her with her own weapons was a task to which Harry, with all his cleverness, was very unequal. All he could do, therefore, was steadily to persevere in treating her with contemptuous indifference; and this perseverance was, it must be confessed, no common effort, for Mrs. Blubber had a tongue that might have rivalled that of the far-famed Xantippe; but when she reviled her husband in the most opprobious terms, he replied only by whistling an opera tune, and surveying her with looks of cool contempt, which sometimes irritated her almost to phrenzy. Of a disposition naturally irritable and malignant, scolding was to Mrs. Heartrive an absolute necessary of life; she vented as much as she could of her natural virulence on her servants, but even with them she was at last obliged to submit to some restraint, as they generally quitted her service once a week. In this way matters went on for nearly ten years, and Harry began almost to despair of ever breaking either his wife's temper or her heart, when one day, in the violence of her passion, she burst a blood-vessel. A lady who was present, proposed to send instantly for the nearest surgeon, but Harry declared vehemently, that his dear wife should have the best advice that money could procure, and he sent accordingly for Mr. ——; but as it was above three miles to that gentleman's house, and he did not happen to be at home, Mrs. Heartrive bled to death before he could be found.

In as short a time as decency permitted, Harry became again a candidate for matrimony, but he was determined not to sacrifice his liberty a second time at the shrine of Plutus: though insensible to the charms of wealth, those of rank were irresistible, and he paid his addresses to Lady Laurelia Lofty, who, though descended from the kings of Scotland, and haughty to excess, condescended to overlook Harry's want of *nobeelity* in favour of his hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and after taking care to secure a good settlement, her ladyship honoured him with her fair hand at the hymeneal altar.

Although Lady Laurelia's rank had been Harry's principal inducement to marry her, yet he was also rather captivated with her person, which, though not strictly beautiful, was apparently very desirable. Her complexion in particular Harry thought the loveliest he had ever seen; but he soon found himself egregiously mistaken: her ladyship was indebted to Warren for her lilies and roses, and to her staymaker for the fine contour of her form. In short, she was a withered, shrivelled skeleton, but this was not the worst of the business; Lady Laurelia had married him, because thirty years and more had seen her

"Withering on the virgin thorn,"

in the vain hope of securing a husband of her own rank in life; but she determined, in bestowing her fair hand upon an inferior, to make him fully sensible of the favour, and

in pursuance of this resolution, she was incessantly placing before Harry's eyes the honour which she had conferred on him. Tired at length of this haughty insolence, Harry thought proper to remind her ladyship of the advantages which she had gained by their union; but a hint of this kind was answered by the most bitter philippic on his ignorant presumption, in supposing that a woman of rank could derive any advantage from degrading herself by a plebeian alliance. This speech provoked from Harry the retort uncourteous, and, in short, open war was declared on both sides.

In the art of teizing, however, her ladyship, who was possessed of the greatest coolness and command of temper, was infinitely Harry's superior; and it is probable that hostilities might have continued for a long time, had not a circumstance occurred, which gave him the vantage-ground. Lady Laurelia was of the outrageously virtuous order of females, and in the long accounts which she frequently gave of her ancestors, she took care to represent the female part of them as purity itself; but by the merest accident in the world, he discovered that her great-great-aunt had in her girlish days made a *faux-pas* with her father's footman, and as she found that a little tell-tale was about to betray her secret, she had eloped with her lover, and married him.

The knowledge of this circumstance, Mr. Editor, enabled Harry to foil his fair tyrant at her own weapons; and he certainly deserved credit for the ingenuity with which he contrived, at all times and on all occasions, to remind her ladyship of her aunt's frailty. He thanked Heaven very piously, that such a *shocking* circumstance had never occurred in *his* family; though he could not boast of the titles or honours of *his* ancestors, yet he had the happiness to say, that they were honest men and virtuous women: though *entre nous*, Mr. Editor, that was more than he could answer for. In short, by dint of patience and address, he worried her ladyship into a nervous disorder, that very soon left him at liberty to bestow his hand elsewhere.

Shortly after the death of Lady Laurelia, he became acquainted with Miss Sparkle, a lady who possessed some wit, and, as he thought, a great deal of good-humour. As he began to tire of hostilities, he was in hopes, from the suavity of Miss Sparkle's manners, that they might live on tolerable terms, and he offered her his hand, which was accepted: but they had not been married a month, when Harry found that his third wife was likely to prove as great a plague as either of his former ones; she was a wit, and what was still worse, an authoress into the bargain, and of all intractable animals, a female scribbler is certainly the hardest to tame. Harry's house soon became the resort of the pretended literati of both sexes; his wife's vanity drew around her a host of needy adventurers, who repaid her liberality to them by complimentary odes, and by dedicating to her some of their miserable productions. Harry saw that in a short time his property would be literally devoured by those locusts of literature, and he peremptorily shut his doors upon them.

This step, though really dictated by common prudence, procured Harry a host of enemies; his cruelty to his former helpmates was displayed in the strongest colours, and Mrs. Heartrive was exhibited in the character of a suffering angel by all the minor poets about town. Harry made himself very easy about the scandalous reports which were spread concerning him, but he could not be equally patient, while his wife assured him ten times a day, that she execrated the hour which had united her to a Goth, whose ignorance could only be equalled by his cruelty, and who, like the barbarians of old, would doubtless, if he possessed the means of doing so, immolate all traces of genius and learning.

With all Harry's cleverness and experience, he was really puzzled how to break the spirit of his rib, when chance furnished him with an opportunity of doing it effectually. Mrs. Heartrive had written a comedy, which her friends assured her, possessed more genuine wit than any production which had appeared since the days of Congreve: after some difficulty, she succeeded in getting it represented, or rather I should say partly represented, for the audience would not suffer it to be concluded.

Nothing could have happened more luckily for Harry; those sallies which he had hitherto borne with so much impatience, he now affected to disregard. "It was very natural," he observed, "for an author whose play had been damned, to be out of humour." This unlucky circumstance, in fact, deprived her of that keenness and bitterness of retort which had hitherto rendered her invulnerable; she completely lost her temper, and Harry began to have a little advantage in the "war of words," when a circumstance occurred which terminated it for ever.

This was the death of Mrs. Heartrive; the damnation of her play affected her so much, that she had recourse to cordials to raise her spirits, and she indulged so freely in them, that her health became affected. A physician was called in, who delicately hinted to Harry, the necessity there was that he should exert his authority to prevent Mrs. Heartrive from taking what was certainly a slow poison. Harry gravely replied, that he had too great a respect for his wife's understanding, to presume to dictate to her in any way; all that he could do was, to observe a strict neutrality. He kept his word, and in a few months Mrs. Heartrive visited that "bourne from whence no traveller returns."

These, Mr. Editor, were the means pursued by my friend Heartrive to get rid of his shackles, when he found them troublesome; and I am sure you will agree with me, that the woman who has accompanied him a fourth time to the altar, gave a convincing proof, that she was not deficient in courage.

I am, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER I.

DIEPPE, Nov. 30.

WE arrived here two days ago, my dear Howard, after a rough but tolerably quick passage, and I hasten to apprize you of my having arrived in safety; but it is impossible to express to you my feelings on landing in my native country after an absence of twenty-two years. Until the revolution, which last year so fortunately reinstated a Bourbon in that throne which his illustrious ancestors occupied for so many ages, I had reconciled myself to the idea of being for ever an outcast from my native land; and there were even times when I derived so much happiness from the connections I had formed in England, that I believed I no longer regretted France: but no sooner did I learn that I was at liberty to revisit it, than the *amor patriæ* returned upon me in its full force, and in spite of every prudential consideration, I hastened to dispose of what I had acquired in your country, in order to return and end my days in my own. I will not speak to you of my sufferings when Bonaparte's escape from Elba put my hopes and projects to flight: I was, however, fortunate in one respect; I had not disposed of my property, and in endeavouring to be useful to some of the many whom the tyrant's return sent forth into poverty and exile, I tried to lose the painful idea, that I should see France no more: but, thanks to the valour of the allies, my fears were vain; and here I am, accompanied by our venerable friend, the Abbé Clairon, and that original being, Sandford. "Sandford in Paris!" methinks I hear you exclaim. Yes, 'tis even so; and though he will not acknowledge it, I am convinced that he accompanies me with a design to find fault with every thing he meets with; he has already given a specimen of this disposition, which I shall relate to you by and by.

Before I begin my *itineraire* I must premise to you, that I shall send you an egotist's tale. Politics, you know, I have little relish for, and descriptions of the country would be superfluous, since you have visited it under the old regime, and the alterations it has undergone under the new one you will learn from other tourists much better qualified for the task than your friend, who has in truth much more inclination to dwell upon the alterations which have taken place in the national character and manners, than upon works of art, however magnificent. I had heard, that the overstrained politeness of which Frenchmen had formerly been accused, had given place to a roughness that was said to be *à la mode Angloise*; but this report, which as Sandford, in his usual complimentary style, observed, was highly favourable to us, I am sorry to tell you is very remote from truth: our affected roughness no more resembles your native plain-

ness, than a Bristol stone does a diamond. Napoleon, naturally harsh and brutal, assembled round him men whose manners assimilated with his own. The city by degrees took the tone of the court, and the lower classes, always extravagant in their imitation of the higher orders, present to us Frenchmen of 1815, no more like those of 1788, "than I to Hercules;" their roughness is ferocity, and their plainness rudeness. The populace, on our landing, conceived the majority of us to be English, and while some of them, with the cordial urbanity formerly the characteristic of the nation, welcomed us with *Vivent les Anglois!* others, in a low and surly tone, saluted us with a volley of execrations; which, as Sandford understands French perfectly, were of course very intelligible to him. I affected not to hear them; and the emotions of the abbé, who restrained himself, I believe with difficulty, from embracing, in a transport of pious gratitude, his dear native soil, prevented him from observing what passed. We were recommended to an excellent hotel, and found our landlady a French-woman of the old school, assiduous and attentive in the highest degree to *Messieurs Anglois;* for my pale and thoughtful countenance procured me the honour of being taken for an Englishman, a mistake which I suffered to pass unnoticed.

The abbé induced us to take a ramble round the town before supper: I found it very much improved; but the abbé would not allow that any thing could have altered for the better under Bonaparte; and Sandford was positively certain, that any alteration which had taken place, must be for the worse, because, as he observed, for many years past, Englishmen had been prevented from residing in France, and consequently the natives had not the same opportunity as before to form their taste by that of their neighbours. I could not help smiling at the national prejudice of the one, and the party spirit of the other; but you may believe I did not endeavour to alter their opinions. During our walk we did not meet with any actual insult, but yet we saw clearly, that a part at least of the lower class looked with a very unfavourable eye on the English. Sandford commented on this with bitterness. "If Voltaire," cried he, "was living now, he must have owned, that Frenchmen are not wholly composed of the tiger and the monkey; he must also have allowed them to possess a tolerable share of the bear."

On returning to our hotel, we had the pleasure of embracing my old friend de Courville, who had just arrived here from Paris. He supped with us, and the conversation happening to turn on the brave and unfortunate Pichegru, de Courville related an anecdote of him, which I cannot help telling you. The eldest brother of de Courville was amongst the emigrants who were in Holland when it was taken by the French, and he had not time to make his escape; he was consequently seized, and brought before Pichegru, whose situation was at once dangerous aud unpleasant, since all his actions were inspected with a jealous eye by the two commissaries, *sans-culottes* of the most brutal stamp, who, if they had had the

least reason to suspect him of showing mercy to an emigrant, would without scruple have sent him in chains to Paris, there to expiate this, in their eyes, heinous offence by the guillotine. Pichegru, assuming an air of the greatest severity, after briefly questioning de Courville, ordered him to prepare for being shot by torch-light, at two the next morning. Poor de Courville knew that it would be in vain to plead for mercy; he retired in silence to the prison whither they conducted him, and endeavoured to prepare his mind for that death which he believed to be inevitable. Some hours had elapsed when the door of his prison was cautiously opened, and Pichegru entered. "How much do I regret," cried he, advancing to the astonished de Courville, "what I have been compelled to make you suffer! but it was the only way I could have taken to preserve you. At half-past one, four fusileers will come to conduct you to some distance from the town, but they will stop at a place where four roads meet; here, while they make a pause, you must seize the opportunity to slip away, and take the left-hand road; they will not perceive your flight for some time, and when you hear them fire, do not be dismayed, as you cannot be hurt, since they will pursue the right-hand road; but, for Heaven's sake, be careful to follow my directions, since you would be lost should you take the wrong path." De Courville attempted to thank him. "Time presses," cried Pichegru, interrupting him; "have you any money?"—"No," replied de Courville, "the blood-hounds have stripped me of every thing; but that is of no consequence, let me but once get out of their accursed fangs, and I shall do very well." —"And what would you do, my poor friend, without money," said Pichegru, pulling out his purse, which contained 100 louis d'ors; "here take this, I can well spare it."—"Ah, my God!" exclaimed de Courville, "how is it that a man like you is to be found amongst a ferocious banditti, who disgrace the name of Frenchmen?" — "My friend," cried Pichegru, while a deep glow overspread his countenance, "I became the soldier of the republic from principle; I believed I drew my sword in a just cause. Alas! I see that the sacred name of freedom is prostituted by the sanguinary and designing, to answer their own purposes, and I must go with the current which I cannot stem." He then reiterated his charge to de Courville to take the right road, and retired. Soon afterwards the fusileers entered. All happened as the general had said, and de Courville escaped in safety. You may believe, that had Pichegru lived, the transaction would not have been revealed till it could not have injured him. De Courville, who cherishes his memory with love and enthusiasm, says he has performed innumerable acts of a similar nature, but I relate to you this one only, because I know it to be authentic.

Our supper was excellent and well dressed, but they were determined to consider us as *Messieurs Anglois* in the bill, and they made us pay accordingly. "This is your cheap country," said Sandford to me this morning in a tone of tri-

umph, "where they let you have luxuries for nothing: they have given us an execrable supper, and a worse dinner, a parcel of kick-shaws, among which I could find nothing fit to eat, and they have made a charge as exorbitant as they could have done in an English tavern, where you would have had every thing excellent in its kind, and properly dressed."—"That is, dressed *à la mode Angloise*," cried I, smiling; "and I agree with you, it would have been so even with the wine."—"Nay, in spite of your sneering," replied he seriously, "I have certainly drunk much better Burgundy in England, than that they gave us last night." This was too much for my risible faculties, for our Burgundy and Champagne were really as good as I had ever tasted, and I burst into a laugh, which sent Sandford away half affronted. He was not, however, very long absent, and he returned with a degree of good-humour in his countenance that surprised me, till I discovered the cause of it. He had just been listening to a hot-headed boy, who, trusting to the known leniency of the present government, was lamenting the abolition of those abominable conscriptions from which my wretched country has suffered so much. "You conceive then that these unfortunate youths suffered nothing in being torn from their families," cried Sandford, "and exposed to all the horrors of want and fatigue; it is pity but you had had a taste of this *charming* mode of life."—"*Ah, pardon!*" cried the young man seriously, "I have suffered all that. Oh! I remember when they came to take me from the house of my poor mother; she was a widow too, monsieur: how she cried and hung about me! I tried to comfort her, but I could not speak for crying; and then Jeannette came in, a neighbour's daughter, whom I was to have married within a year; but when I saw my poor Jeannette drop down in a swoon at the sight of the soldiers, I was almost frantic; I strove to break from their grasp, but they held me fast, and told me not to blubber like a child, but behave like a man. *Oh, mon Dieu!* what would I have given for a sword! I would have lost the last drop of my blood before they should have taken me away; but when I joined the army, and heard all my companions talk of the glory they had acquired, and of the pleasure they should feel in exterminating the damned allies—I beg your pardon, monsieur, we were enemies then you know—I began somehow in a few days to think less of home, and in about a fortnight I was as merry as ever I was in my life."—"There's feeling and consistency for you!" added Sandford, who repeated the conversation to me with uncommon glee. "As to consistency," replied I, "we must give that up; but you must allow it was natural enough for the poor fellow to catch a little of the military spirit by which he was surrounded."—"Bless you, monsieur," cried our hostess, who was in the room, "all our young men were mad, I believe; I was obliged to make my son, who was not then seventeen, marry a girl three years younger, and trouble enough I had to accomplish it, for the foolish boy was mad for glory, as he termed it.—'But, François,' said I, 'I do not

see much glory in your being knocked on the head, and leaving your poor old father and mother childless and destitute.'—'As to that, mother,' replied he, 'you cannot be sure that I shall be killed, and if I live I shall obtain promotion, and may yet be a general; there is —— and ——, who have risen from the ranks, why may not I also meet with similar good fortune?—However," continued my hostess, "as I could not relish any good fortune to be procured by standing to be shot at, or what would be still worse, from marching into Russia to expire with cold and hunger, if our emperor should take a fancy to make another campaign there, I insisted on François's marrying. Some of our neighbours, whose sons were unfortunately of age, have lost nearly their all in trying to buy their release. Ah! I shall never forget poor Philippe, the son of our neighbour Dourdon: he was ordered to join the armies on the very day that he was engaged to be married to Annette Voyaux. The poor girl had a little fortune, and she begged him to get out of the way, saying, that the fine which would be levied on his parents should be paid out of her money. Well, the fine was levied, and it exceeded all that she could raise, and in ten days afterwards another sum was required, if Philippe did not give himself up. His parents would not be outdone in generosity by their intended daughter-in-law, and they actually parted with every thing they had, to pay the several sums that were extorted from them. At last, when the wretches who levied the fines found that they could get no more, they took the second son, a fine youth, but a mere boy, and poor Philippe surrendered himself immediately to save his brother. Fortunately, the very next day, the power of Bonaparte was declared at an end; and, consequently, he was suffered to remain with his family."—"I hope," cried I, "these poor people have recovered some part of the property they were so shamefully plundered of?"—"Ah, no, monsieur!" replied she, shaking her head, "restitution of property is, I fear, what no one must look for. However, Philippe married his Annette directly, and they have now got a fine little girl, and though they toil hard for their living, they are as merry and as happy as if they had all the riches in the world."—"A few louis d'ors would, however, I think, do them no harm," said Sandford to me, in English, "and as I am awkward at doing such sort of things, I wish you would give them these." I offered to go to them directly, and urged him to accompany me, and treat himself with a sight of the happiness he was about to bestow upon them. He declined it, observing, that if they were really pleased with the present, they would be so abominably loquacious, that he should be stunned with their noise; and, on the other hand, continued he, "if they should get upon the high ropes, and be above being obliged to me, it will be ten times worse: you must, therefore, manage it for me; and if you find that they are really very badly off, and seem worthy people, why, you know, I can do something more for them; and, in the mean time, I must muster all my French, and try to make our hostess ashamed of her

cursed, unconscionable bill." I merely staid to hear the beginning of his philippic on French extortion, and hastened to visit Philippe and his Annette; I must tell you more of these interesting young people in my next, which will, I suppose, be dated from Rouen. Adieu!

Believe me, truly your's,
DE GRAMMONT.

ACCOUNT OF A TOUR IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

NAPLES, 20th October, 1815.

IT may not be unacceptable to you to have some little sketch of my journey, since it was through the most interesting country in the world for the lovers of antiquity. I left Naples in the diligence, which is in fact the mail, and passing the bold range of the Apennines, arrived safely at Barri. From thence I proceeded on horseback to Otranto, a very ancient town, and which once covered a vast extent of ground, but now nought is seen of its former greatness, except the present miserable town, and the ruins of the foundations of the ancient. Without the present walls is a lane leading to the country, supposed to have been the street of the goldsmiths of ancient Otranto, as whenever an excavation is made, trinkets of gold and silver, of various descriptions, are found there. Upon a hill about a quarter of a mile from the walls, once stood the temple of Minerva, which was destroyed by bigots, and in its place was erected a monastery, which in its turn was destroyed by the French, and is now in ruins. Upon the destruction of the temple, its marble columns were brought into the city, and the present cathedral is built upon them. The communication between the Ionian islands and the kingdom of Naples is kept up by a packet which goes weekly from Corfu to Otranto: it was established by the French, and continued by the government of Corfu.

Having finished my affairs here, I again mounted my Pegasus, and passing by Lecce, the capital of the province, a very fair town, I proceeded to Brindisi: I found myself much more comfortable here, and formed several acquaintances; but party spirit runs so high in this country, that the moment a stranger is well received by one party, he instantly becomes an object of detestation to the opposite: this naturally limits our acquaintance, and is greatly to be regretted. Brindisi is a very ancient town, and famous but for the port where the Romans embarked for the East. It has an excellent port, the only one indeed in the kingdom of Naples; but it has been so sadly neglected, that at its mouth, where thirty years ago there were forty feet of water, now only nine are to be found. The city was once of great extent, and contained, in the time of the Romans, 80,000 souls; now there are only five thousand. There still exist many ancient buildings, and among the rest, a temple dedicated to Diana, now a church, where mass is said on Sun-

days. Without the town is the Appian fountain, erected by the celebrated Roman from whom it is named: having fallen into ruin, it was rebuilt under the Emperor Charles V. There is a stone over it, bearing an ancient inscription, but too much defaced by time to be legible; another stone, raised to commemorate its rebuilding, is likewise very much defaced; I could only make out—*Appia, Appio fons Tancredo rege ædita ambo Ferdinando.* In the town and about eight miles distant, are still the remains of the Appian way to Rome, upon which the journey was performed in thirty-six hours, which now takes four days, going with the greatest dispatch. Much treasure has been discovered at various times: I know a man who found a stone upon which was engraved, *In puteo prope castrum jacet pecunia Romanorum.* He accordingly by night made many excavations about this well, which still exists: I recommended him to go down into it, but as the well is very deep, he is afraid. I had the good fortune to find a part of the wealth of the Romans, but it is a very small part, merely a halfpenny of Julius Cæsar. Brindisi produces much oil and wine; the latter very excellent at three half-pence per bottle.

I once again directed my course for Naples, but as the roads are very full of robbers, I was under the necessity of having an escort of *gens-d'armes,* and thus arrived safely at Barletta. Here I had to wait four days for the diligence for Naples. Barletta has many very good houses, is better paved and has broader streets than any in Puglia; but is in other respects dirty and uncomfortable in the extreme. I employed my four days in visits to the ancient and once famous city of Cannosa, formerly of great extent, as may be seen by the ruins of the gateways, which seem to have been spared by time, to show how fallen is the greatness of the beautiful Italy. The modern town stands on the site of part of the ancient, on the side of a steep hill, the summit of which is crowned with the ancient castle, whose exterior, composed of large masses of stone, still bids defiance to man and time. The interior is all in ruins; but its vast and extended *souterrains* are still open for the inspection of the curious. The church was an ancient temple: on one side still exists the tomb of an ancient king; the doors are of brass, and contain many inscriptions. Just on the outside of the town was lately discovered one of the most interesting and perfect tombs. A farmer, wanting to cut a wine-cellar in the rock, availed himself of a small rising ground for the purpose: the rock is generally covered a few feet with earth. He accordingly commenced his excavation, and the workmen had not advanced far into the rock, before, on a sudden, their tools pierced a cavity, and in a short time they worked their way into the tomb. It was about 15 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 or 10 high: on one side, upon a block of stone, two feet high, was placed the body, the bones of which were all perfect; over the face was placed the vizor of brass, beside the head the helmet, and over the body the breastplate: on one side, the armour of the horse's head; around the block or bier were placed small

lachrymals of painted earthen-ware; on the opposite side stood two very large and beautifully painted vases of earthen-ware, similar to those of which Sir W. Hamilton published copies. At the head of the deceased stood, on a pedestal, a large dog, and on the opposite side of the tomb a wild boar, both cut out of the solid rock, and not detached from it. The whole tomb was curiously painted, and here and there were cut serpents in bas relief. On a plain stone was carved, in large characters, "THE TOMB OF DIOMEDE." The French intendant of police of Cannosa, as soon as he heard of the circumstance, imprisoned the family and all concerned in the discovery, took possession of the tomb and its contents, packed it all up, and sent it to Naples, to Madame Murat, who fitted up a small room in the palace, and arranged all the contents of the tomb in a manner similar to that in which they were originally found. I saw this piece of mummery, but it had none of the impressiveness, as it wanted the solemn quietness of the tomb of Cannosa.

From Cannosa I returned to Barletta by the way of the famous field of Cannæ, where Hannibal defeated the Romans. A valley, by which the Romans endeavoured to regain the high ground, still goes by the name of *Pezze de Sangue*. There is now a farm-house where Cannæ once stood: two large pieces of granite, still erect, are shewn as the gateways of the town: beneath, in the plain immediately at the foot of the hills, the fountain yet exists where the Roman consuls took leave of each other after the defeat, and where the one who was mortally wounded (I think his name was Varro,) said to the other, "Go you to Rome and give the account of our defeat. I will die here." It is a fountain of most beautifully clear water; the fields all around are strewed with pieces of tiles and bricks, sad mementos of a population now no more.

About eighteen miles from Barletta, upon another high hill for this level country, is an ancient castle, called Castello de Monte, once surrounded by a large city, of which now no other vestiges remain than such as shew where Cannæ stood. It was flourishing in the time of the Angouvins: the castle contained a very large and magnificent palace, sumptuously lined with white marble, and adorned with large and elegant columns of the Ionic order: these columns were removed and brought to Naples, and now form a part and one of the greatest beauties of the royal palace of Caserta, twelve miles from the capital.

About ten miles from Barletta is the very ancient town of Ruvo, famous when this country formed a part of Magna Græcia: at these places are continually found all kinds of rare and valuable antiquities, vases, money, stones, trinkets, &c.

Once more I embarked in the diligence, and, continually escorted by *gens-d'armes*, arrived safely in Naples.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

NEW-YEAR's day, or the day on which the year commences, has always been very different in different nations; and yet in all it has been held in great veneration.

Among the Romans, the first and last day of the year were consecrated to Janus; on which account it was, that they represented him with two faces. To them we owe the ceremony of wishing a happy new-year, which appears to be very ancient. Before the first day was spent, they not only visited and complimented each other, but also presented *strenæ* (from which the French derived their *etrennes)*, and offered vows to the gods for the preservation of each other. Lucian represents it as a practice of a very ancient standing even in his time, and refers it to Numa. Ovid alludes to the same ceremony in the beginning of his *Fasti;* and Pliny more expressly, lib. xxviii. cap. 1.

The civil or legal year in England commences on the day of the Annunciation, i. e. on the 25th day of March; though the historical year begins on the day of the Circumcision, i. e. the 1st of January, on which day the German and Italian year also begins. Stowe observes, that William the Conqueror having been crowned on the 1st of January, that day thenceforth became the first of the year for historians; though in all civil affairs they retained the ancient manner of accounting, which began with the 25th of March. The part of the year between those two terms is usually expressed both ways, as 1748-9, or the 8 above the 9, as $174\frac{8}{9}$. Since the Conqueror, the king's patents, charters, proclamations, &c. are usually dated by the year of the king's reign.

The church, as to her solemn service, begins the year on the first Sunday in Advent, which is always that next St. Andrew's day, or the 30th of November.

The Jews, as most other nations of the East, had a civil year, which commenced with the new moon in September; and an ecclesiastical year, which commenced from the new moon in March.

The French year, during the reign of the Merovingian race, began on the day whereon the troops were reviewed, which was the 1st day of March. Under the Carlovingians, it began on Christmas-day, and under the Capetians on Easter-day; which therefore varied between the 22d of March and the 25th of April: and this is still the beginning of the French ecclesiastical year. But for the civil, Charles IX. appointed, in 1554, that for the future it should commence on the 1st of January.

Mahometans begin their year the minute the sun enters Aries; the Persians in the month answering to our June; the Chinese, and most of the Indians, with the first moon in March; the Brachmans with the new moon in April, on which day they hold a feast, called *Samuat Saradi pau-uga*, which signifies *feast of a new-year.*

The Mexicans, according to d'Accsta, begin the year on our 23d of February, when the leaves begin to grow green: their year consists of twelve months, of thirty

days each, which making 360 days, the remaining five days are spent in mirth, and no business suffered to be done, nor even any service at the temples.

Alvarez relates much the same of the Abyssinians, who begin their year on the 26th of August, and have five idle days at the end, which they call *Pagomen*.

At Rome there are two ways of computing the year, the one beginning at the Nativity of our Lord; this the notaries use, dating *a Nativitate:* the other in March, on occasion of the Incarnation, and it is by this that the bulls are dated, *anno Incarnationis*.

The Greeks begin their year of the world from the 1st of September.

SOMERSET.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. I.

Quicquid agunt homines, nostri farrago libelli.——JUV. sat. i. v. 84-85.

Whatever good is done, whatever ill,
By woman-kind, shall this collection fill.

I SHALL, I fear, convey rather an unfavourable opinion of myself to the generality of my readers, and particularly to those of my own sex, when I inform them that my object is to display, in their full extent, the imperfections as well as the perfections, the follies as well as the good sense, the vices as well as the virtues, of women living and dead, in all ranks and of all characters, in order to deter the rising female generation from those errors, to which they may be liable from the circumstances of life and delusions of the world; as well to hold forth those examples of excellence, which may induce them to become the pride of their own sex, the delight of man, and the ornaments of the age in which they live.

I shall certainly tattle about whatever happens in the circle of female society, that comes within the reach of my observation; but then my readers may be assured, that though I am a *tattler*, I shall always speak the truth; that though I am a *tattler*, and love talking, I shall never suffer scandal to mingle in my communications; nor catch up a prevailing story, and lend myself to the propagation of it, unless I have the most perfect conviction of its truth, and that it can be repeated without violating decorum, and with a justifiable expectation of its being productive of good.

Scandal as such I detest, and no class of women, and I know there are too many of them, will be more severely attacked in these lucubrations, than those who have ears ever open to hear what folly may utter, what calumny may invent, what ill nature may exaggerate, and, which is still worse, have tongues ever ready to repeat it. Indeed I have sometimes met with those who possessed imaginations capable of enlivening their tales with the added decorations of their own malignity.

I must, however, beg leave to be preserved from the inference which certain persons may be disposed to draw from the foregoing observa-

tions, that women are more habituated to the propagation of scandal than the other sex. This I boldly and peremptorily deny; and shall hereafter, in some future paper, confront, with irresistible arguments, and, I doubt not, confute it, in the opinion of every candid and unprejudiced mind.

The doctrine of conversation, if I may be allowed to use the expression, has never yet, as I believe, been philosophically analyzed, or at least such a circumstance has never unfolded itself to my enquiries or my researches. General observations, and useful lessons on the subject, which I think a very important one, are, it is true, to be found in most of our eminent writers on morals and on manners; but it has never yet been considered as a science, containing certain principles, and requiring certain specific rules, by which a greater or less degree of perfection may be attained in this first decoration of social life. This attainment is very rare, not only in the higher circles of society, but, even where it might be naturally expected to be found, among those who are distinguished by learned pursuits, and eminent for the qualifications of literature; a circumstance which can only arise from its not having been considered with the attention it so highly deserves. Hence it has frequently happened, that men, who have been gifted with what I shall call social or domestic eloquence, have borne away the palm, in the general intercourse of society, from persons of far superior talents, science, and erudition. Of the advantages of such a superiority many examples could be given, which are well known to the world; and as I can produce one from my own sex, to which I exclusively profess to devote my labours, such as they may be, I shall just mention it.

The late Mrs. Montagu, of Portman-square, and her *protegée* and friend, the late Mrs. Carter, the celebrated translator of Epictetus, were too well known in their different situations, and according to their respective characters, to require any further remark, than that the former, with an understanding superior indeed to the generality of her sex, was fond of the world, and appeared in all the fashionable circles, while her years and health permitted, in a style which her large fortune enabled her to indulge. But of all the graces which she cultivated, that of shining in conversation was the favourite, and she succeeded in acquiring the admiration which was her reward. The latter was the most learned woman in Europe; she was not only remarkable for the various languages, both living and dead, which she had acquired, but for her knowledge of the most distinguished writers in them all, and consequently involving a mass of erudition which, great as it must have occasionally appeared to those who enjoyed an intimate communication with her, is never supposed to have been adequately known, from the predominant modesty and seclusive disposition of her character. Now if a stranger to these ladies had accidentally been introduced into any society of which they formed a part, he would have been astonished at Mrs. Montagu,

as a woman who knew every thing; and been rather disposed to consider Mrs. Carter, comparatively speaking, as a person who knew nothing. Indeed, to continue the subject a little farther, I have no doubt, in the contest for the affections of those of the other sex, whose affections would be lasting, and therefore are alone worth having, that the powers of conversation, conducted with ease, unaffectedness, and truth, with a due reservoir of materials to supply its wants, would be found to triumph over the glare of beauty, the gaiety of high spirits, what are called the embellishments of figure, and the accomplishments of fashion. The Female Tattler has a scheme for teaching and improving this pre-eminent qualification, which she will, at a future period, unfold, illustrate, and recommend to the youthful part of her readers.

As to the silent conversation of the eyes, it will be my endeavour to put it down altogether. I do not mean to include, in this description, the look of respect, the calm gaze of admiration, or the smile of applause, in which a stranger may indulge with propriety, when he contemplates a young female whose character and demeanour naturally excite those emotions. I rather allude to a practice very common among the young men, and too much encouraged by the tonish young women, which is called *ogling*. As I think the gentlemen who employ it are impudent, or ignorant, or impertinently curious, it may be readily imagined what I think of those persons of my own sex who hold themselves forth to be ogled, and of course are vain and silly enough to be pleased with it. As it is a kind of conversation between persons who have no acquaintance with each other, it must be contrary to the first principles of good breeding, and therefore not to be allowed, or at least encouraged, by that sense of decorum which forms the comforts, as it composes the decencies, of social, virtuous, and elegant life.

I have thus cursorily introduced a topic which is connected with my character as a tattler; but I hope to amuse as well as instruct, and to illustrate my principles by characters drawn from life, with truth, with candour, and under the concealment of assumed names.—That I am, in some degree, qualified for the task, I may presume without vanity, and my readers will be of the same opinion, when I inform them, that I was a beauty in my early days, and admired, and followed, and courted as beauties are. Under the guidance of an aunt, for I lost both my parents when I was a child, and whose character I now emulate, I became the wife of a man of honour, of elegance, of learning, and of virtue, whom I lost too soon, though we had lived twenty years together, and the anniversary of whose loss I have made it a duty to devote to the lonely and undisturbed contemplation of his virtues. I was also a mother, but my son, whom no persuasions could restrain from a military life, died in the field of battle; and my daughter on the same day, I may almost say in the same hour, gave a female grandchild to me, and an angel to heaven. It is that amiable and charm-

ing creature who is now the principal object of my care; and, from the lucubrations which I am now preparing under the title which I have assumed as the writer of these papers, it will be seen whether I am conducting her onward to that excellence which her darling mother displayed during her short abode in this uncertain world.—I have also to add, that my husband, among the other proofs of his confidence and affection, made me the companion of his studious hours, and thereby qualified me for the delightful task of assisting him in them. I merely mention this that my readers may not suppose me pedantic and presuming, if I sometimes vary my subjects by launching into some of those branches of literature, which are not considered as a necessary part of female education. I shall, accordingly, conclude this my introductory paper with one of the beautiful little allegories of antiquity, and on a subject that carries a powerful interest with it, clothed in the language of virtue, and adorned with the symbol of truth.

"At the birth of *Beauty*," says Plato, "there was a banquet prepared, and numerous guests invited to partake of it. Among others was the god *Plenty*, the offspring of the goddess *Prudence*, and who inherited many of his mother's virtues. When the feast was concluded, he secluded himself in the garden of Jupiter, which abounded with ambrosial fruits. In the mean time a wretched female, named *Poverty*, on hearing of this great entertainment, hastened thither, in the hope of being relieved by its superabundance: she, however, first arrived at Jupiter's garden, which was open to persons of all ranks and conditions: she accordingly entered, and found the god of *Plenty* asleep in it. While she was admiring his beauty he awoke, and being informed of her situation, first pitied, and then loved her. The Temple of Hymen was not far distant, and the nuptial god united them in his holy bands. The offspring of this marriage was *Love*. The child grew up, and proved, as might be expected, a compound of opposite qualities. As the son of *Plenty*, he became subtle, full of stratagems and devices, audacious, confident, presumptuous, and quick of resentment. As the offspring of *Poverty*, he was fawning, doubtful, timorous, low-minded, fearful of offending, and abject in submission." Here the fable of the pagan philosopher ends; and it cannot be denied, that the supposing Love to be born so soon after the birth of Beauty, the parentage of Plenty, and the inconsistency of the passion with itself so naturally traced, are in the happiest style of invention: but in the subsequent period of illumination, when the heart has assumed a new character, when its moral feelings and tender sensibilities are so improved and sublimated, a new power has appeared, the offspring of a marriage between *Love* and *Virtue*. This is *Affection*, which never fails, by possessing the corrected and purified qualities of her father, united with all the excellence of her mother, to render the nuptial state a heaven upon earth.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Plate 3.—ACCOUNT OF THE ASSORTMENT OF PERFUMERY, &c. PREPARED BY MR. ROSS FOR THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

As soon as it was ascertained to be the intention of the British government to send another embassy to China, for the purpose of establishing our commercial relations with that country upon a more solid basis, the East India Company determined to avail itself of this opportunity of transmitting to the Chinese monarch, his family and ministers, a present of perfumery and other articles, worthy of such an august personage. The selection and general arrangement was committed by the Court of Directors to Mr. Ross, of Bishopsgate-street, whose skill and ingenuity in the execution of this order reflect the highest credit on himself, and have given the greatest satisfaction to his honourable employers. As it is not too much to assert, that so extensive or so superb a collection of the kind was never yet brought together, our readers will not be displeased to find here some account of the articles of which this magnificent offering is composed.

An elegant and very large assortment of cut decanters, with smelling-bottles in stopples, claim the precedence. These smelling-bottles are capped with gold, and filled with otto of rose of the first quality, with the finest quintessences at top, and with Ross's newly invented lavender-water, called the Emperor of China's lavender-water, now in the highest estimation for its superior sweetness and strength, and for the singular property of retaining its fragrance for a very long time after it has been poured on the handkerchief: this delightful perfume is honoured by the first patronage in the three kingdoms.

A second and not inferior assortment of cut decanters, which have also smelling-bottles in stopples, and are capped with gold, are filled with oils of the most exquisite qualities, as rose, jessamine, orange, millefleur, jonquil, tuberose, &c.

A large and truly elegant assortment of cut glass milk of rose bottles, with smelling-bottles as mentioned in the two other articles, and filled with the same kinds of oil as those just mentioned.

A most beautiful and numerous assortment of toilet bottles, cut in a novel and superb style, and filled with essences of chevrefeuille, rezeda, marechalle, vanille, heliotrope, orange, violet, cassia, jessamine, Portugal, Mousseline, bouquet de Florence, rose, ambergrise, jonquil, nerolli, tuberose, millefleur, laure, &c. &c.

Another collection of toilet bottles, finished in a different but equally superb style, and filled with Ross's new perfume, the superior fragrance of which has obtained for it, from connoisseurs, the appellation of *la fleur d'alliance*. It is, in fact, the united essence of the sweetest flowers of France and Italy, which, being compounded with an ingredient lately discovered by the inventor, yields a lasting and delicious fragrance, infinitely superior to any thing yet used for the handkerchief or the ball-room.

A very large assortment of the Emperor of China's washing-soap, which has the peculiar property of

allaying heats in the skin, and preserving the hands from chapping; it is also pleasant to use, because it yields a most delightful perfume.

Another assortment of Ross's perfumed white and brown soap, vegetable tuberose, rose, jessamine, lily, orange, Abyssinian, otto of rose, Bandana, Palmyrene, musk, &c. washing-soaps.

Art and fancy have been exhausted, in order to introduce novelty of every kind into this superb collection: an assortment of hair-brushes, which forms a part of it, are inlaid with gold and tortoise-shell, in a style that combines novelty with taste and elegance.

A large assortment of Ross's shaving-soap, and elegant shaving-glasses with silver tops, superbly cut, and filled with soap and razors. The latter are particularly deserving of notice, since they are the most exquisitely finished things of the kind we have ever seen; the handles are mother of pearl, tipped with crowns, &c. of gold. These are accompanied by newly invented razor-strops, called the *eclipse strops*, now in high estimation; and also a renovator for them.

We remarked also various sets of cut smelling-bottles, capped with gold, and filled with different scents, and others with gold vinegarettes in the centre; a handsome assortment of cut tooth-powder glasses, filled with tooth-powder; ivory tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, shaving-brushes, and ivory small-tooth-comb-brushes; three assortments of combs—one of very fine cut double superior tortoise-shell small-tooth-combs, another of tortoise-shell dressing-combs, and a third of knife-combs; scissars, having gold, silver, and mother of pearl handles, superbly inlaid with gold, &c.

The assortments of ladies' work-boxes and work-tables, completely furnished with every little elegant implement necessary for the exercise of female ingenuity, are equally deserving of praise for the taste, novelty, and elegance displayed in their forms and construction.—These were all made by Mr. G. Wise, of Tunbridge, and reflect great credit on his skill and ingenuity.

Such of our readers as have not seen this superb collection, may form, from the annexed engraving, some idea of the beautiful effect of the whole as arranged for display. Mr. Ross shewed, in the selection of it, a degree of taste and judgment which it would be uncandid not to notice. The Hon. the East India Company were certainly fortunate in finding an agent so capable of executing their magnificent intentions in the best manner, as it may with truth be said to be the most elegant collection of the kind ever seen in this country, and worthy of the monarch for whom it is principally intended.

It is almost superfluous to add, that the collection was honoured with the high approbation of the ambassador, Lord Amherst, the chairman, deputy-chairman, and East India directors, as well as some of the most distinguished among the nobility and gentry who honoured it with their inspection previous to its being packed. The cases in which it will be conveyed to the place of its destination, are of mahogany, capped with brass and lined with velvet.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Three Waltzes in the form of Rondos for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to H. R. H. Princess Charlotte, by Iwan Müller, inventor of the improved clarionet manufactured by Clementi and Co. Pr. 2s.

Mr. Müller, whose unrivalled skill as a performer on the clarionet has caused considerable sensation in this country, by the publication before us establishes his name as a composer of no mean abilities. These waltzes combine originality with elegance of style and agreeableness of melody in a high degree. The harmony too, with the exception of one or two oversights, especially in the last waltz, is perfectly select. The first waltz distinguishes itself by the mellowness and the fluency of its ideas, especially in the second part; and the trio in four flats is of the softest and most tasteful texture. No. 2. possesses more originality, and the *naïveté* of its melody creates peculiar interest. Its trio is pretty, the modulatory passages (*p.* 5) creditable, and the three concluding lines (*p.* 6), although rather whimsical in their place, wind up the piece with great spirit. The 3d waltz, with the exception of an awkward harmony in *ll.* 3 and 4, appears to us really the best of the set. Its subject is very fine, the bass well imagined, and the three last lines are altogether beautiful.

Arietta del Sig. Castello, intitolata La Donzelletta Amante, arrangiata per Chittarra, con Accompagnamento di Piano-Forte, dal Sig. G. Briccio, *e dedicata alla Virtuosa di Musica Siga. Hamilton.* Pr. 2s

Mr. Briccio, as the title imports, claims only the merit of arranging this air for the guitar and piano-forte conjointly; its author is Mr. Castello. The music, although not distinguished by thoughts of striking novelty, is not the less attractive: it possesses all that unaffected, yet delicately sweet simplicity and melodiousness, which form the characteristic feature of good Italian vocal compositions, and which, with few exceptions, are as unattainable by the harmonists of other countries, as the sweetness and graces of the painters of Italy by those of other regions of the globe. Mr. Briccio's arrangement is not only satisfactory, but in many instances elegantly decorative. The introductory symphony, however, is uneven in its rhythm. We need not add, that the guitar is essential in the accompaniment.

"*The Waves of Orwell," a Duet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, the Words by Mrs. J. Cobbold; composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Newman,* by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 2s.

As this is the first production of Mr. D.'s Muse that has come under our notice, we feel the greater pleasure in bearing testimony to the skill and the talent which he has displayed in setting to music the interesting couplets he has chosen for his labour. It is any thing but a commonplace composition; the parts, vocal as well as instrumental, are dovetailed into each other with ability and with obviously careful attention; at one time acting simultaneously in clever counterpoint, and on other

appropriate occasions imitating each other in fugued method. This is the general character of the duet before us, and that character is perseveringly maintained in every stage of its progress to the very conclusion, not excepting the end symphony, which is particularly distinguished by its able harmonic contrivance. As Mr. D. seems to have but recently begun his compositorial career, and as this specimen assures us that a hint or two will be thrown on promising soil, we shall, in the first place, remark, that, although the models he has followed are evidently of sterling worth, they belong to a period since which music has assumed a more pliant and pleasing aspect. Mr. D.'s melodies are too faithful to the old school. The next observation we have to make relates to harmonic structure. Melody ought to be the principal aim of the vocal composer, and harmonic contrivances and *concetti* but secondary aids. If the latter become too conspicuous, especially in lyric productions, they have precisely the effect which is produced by too glaring a display of muscular anatomy in painting. The Italian masters, with all their sameness, afford models for soft and graceful melodiousness; and the operas and songs of the great Mozart will, above all, exemplify to Mr. D. the possibility of uniting science with the sweetest and most affecting strains. We trust Mr. D. a true regard for whose abilities elicited these hints, will not think us fastidious in criticism. It is, alas! not often that we have to make observations on an overabundant display of contrapuntal arrangement.

The Musical Paragon, containing a Series (?), most of which are newly arranged for the Piano-Forte. Nos. 1. 2. 3. 4. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.

The object of this publication of Messrs. Goulding & Co. as far as we can judge from the title and the numbers we have seen, appears to be that of giving, in periodical succession, and in small numbers, detached musical pieces from the works of classic masters, such as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, Kozeluch, Dussek, Mazzinghi, Steibelt, &c. We have so little objection against this plan, that, to say the truth, we would rather see the standard works of such authors multiplied under any form whatever, than wish for a periodical succession of modern *soi-disant* novelties, which frequently are but disguised plagiarisms or insipid trash. The first of the present numbers contains the introductory allegro to the Dettingen Te Deum. No. 2. a quick movement from Mazzinghi's opera 15. No. 3. a rondo by Von Esch; and No. 4. an elegant adagio and rondo from one of Dussek's sonatas. The low price of 1s. 6d. per number, of four or five very close pages, is no small additional recommendation.

"*All alone!*" *a Canzonet; the Words by Henry Kirk White, composed for, and inscribed to, Miss H. Stanhope*, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 1s. 6d.

If we are not mistaken, this is the first specimen of Mr. Kiallmark's lyric Muse that has come under our notice. To his abilities as a piano-forte-composer, we have, on several occasions, done due justice. It is therefore with the greater pleasure that we find our-

selves warranted in expressing our entire approbation of his vocal labour before us. The canzonet, "All alone," has more than one claim on the connoisseur's partiality: its first merit, and not a small one as times go, is that of considerable originality in conception; we meet with none of those hacknied ideas and turns which, put together as it were by the chance of musical dice, and generally without rhyme or reason, form the main stock of our modern vocal treasure. There is, moreover, in the whole cast of the melody, a character of plaintive sensibility, which, as it fully meets the words, affects the feelings with increased power. The employment of the ninth in the principal period is highly interesting, and more so at every recurrence than in the first bar, where, by falling upon the monosyllable "that," it creates an improper emphasis. The intercalation of the part, in $\frac{3}{5}$ time, and in Siciliana style, evinces both taste and ingenuity, and affords a well-timed contrast between the $\frac{3}{4}$ progress of the general melody. In the piano-forte accompaniment, which is adequate throughout, we observe some instances of clever contrivance.

"*Give me Friendship, give me Love,*" *a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, the Melody composed* by Edward Peele. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In the melody to these neat couplets Mr. Peele has evinced both taste and judgment. The air is unaffected as the text, soft and regular in structure. Some of the thoughts are expressed with warmth and tenderness, and the accompaniment is both appropriate and effective. The concluding symphony, however short, merits distinct favourable notice. The D natural, *p.* 2, *b.* 10, although not absolutely erroneous, seems to us so far liable to objection, as it breaks in upon the progress of the melody, which, immediately before and after, dwells in A b.

Le Bouton de Rose, a favourite Divertimento for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed, and most humbly dedicated to H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales, by J. Gildon. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Three movements:—the first, an andantino in C, exhibits throughout a pleasing and unlaboured melody, in which the successive strains follow each other in natural connection, except as far as the three last lines, in which all at once some running passages are entered upon, the nature of which would have fitted them better for the middle of an allegro than the end of an andantino. The pastorale (second movement) is nothing more than the well-known song, "The Garland of Roses," with a respectable minor variation. A rondo concludes the divertimento. It is not composed of materials altogether novel or very select, but a certain degree of liveliness and ease renders its several parts sufficiently entertaining. The whole of this publication, like most of the late Mr. Gildon's compositions, has the merit of being quite within the reach of moderate proficiency.

The Battle of Waterloo, or La Belle Alliance, a grand descriptive musical Piece, composed, and dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Wellington and the gallant Army

under his command, by W. H. Liebe, Master of the Band of the 2d Regiment Life Guards, *adapted for the Piano-Forte*. Pr. 4s.

Under certain allowances which are to be made for a piano-forte extract (and evidently not the most effective one), from the score for a full band, our opinion of the publication before us is of a very favourable nature. Mr. Liebe's Battle of Waterloo is, in our estimation, the best musical battle-piece that has been produced in England since the days of Kotzwara. There are some few portions which are rather plain, naked, or undigested, and the composition, in the aggregate, is not sufficiently energetic and striking; but, on the other hand, a great share of good musical taste, science, and inventive talent, is blended with that just discernment of situation and expression, which shews that the composer is not a stranger to the scenes he has attempted to illustrate through the medium of harmony. Among the innumerable descriptive passages, we notice with approbation the march, *p.* 4, its florid bass, and the minor strain which immediately follows. The Highland quick march (*p.* 5) is very neat and lively. The attack in C minor (*p.* 6) deserves our decided favour; and equally commendable is the whole of *p.* 7; the bustle of conflict, and the determined obstinacy of the combatants, are very characteristically depicted. In *p.* 8 the composer expresses the onset and the evolutions of the cavalry by a variety of modulations: but the tale is too simply told; the right hand, during almost the whole page, keeps up the same kind of plain motion. The charge of the household troops, *p.* 9, is as effective and good as it was on the 18th June. Here the author evidently wrote with an *esprit de corps*. The C sharp (*p.* 10, *l.* 2,) should be D flat. The Prussians are well brought into the field in the same page; and the cries of the wounded (*p.* 10) are described in an interesting and tasteful slow movement. Here Mr. L. has modulated profoundly, and in one or two places rather *too* profoundly; but he extricates himself ably by a well placed enharmonic transition. Some good ideas occur in the further progress of this movement, *p.* 12 (in the fifth bar of which the D ought to be made natural), but the treatment of these ideas is too plain. The finale, "Off for Paris," boasts of a very pretty rondo-subject; and the digressive matter, as well as the ultimate winding-up, is proper and in character. In a contest where the artillery roared so mightily, there might have been some little fac-simile of cannon-sound.

Calder Fair, Pandean Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, with an Introduction, composed, and dedicated to his Pupil, Miss Griffith, by W. H. Cutler. Pr. 2s.

In this publication Mr. Cutler had to struggle against an unharmonious and ungrateful subject; it is therefore rather the choice than the execution of the task, we would find fault with; for we really think Mr. C. has made as much of his theme as it was susceptible, and more than it was deserving of. Perhaps, indeed, it may be a particular bent of taste that influences our judgment in this case; and as in music fancy

goes a great way, there may be a numerous class who feel partial to the air of "Calder Fair." To those Mr. Cutler's labour will prove acceptable and entertaining. The introductory adagio contains some select ideas, but they are not in every instance sufficiently developed and symmetrically completed.

To the Memory of Colonel Sir Henry W. Ellis, of the 23d Fusileers, who was killed at the Battle of Waterloo, written by F. D. H.; composed, with a Piano-Forte Accompaniment, by W. Grose. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This short air is not destitute of impressive and pathetic thoughts, but upon the whole we think it wants unity of design and connection in the periods. Under this observation comes, for instance, the bar in G minor (*l.* 2), which is too abruptly inserted between phrases in E b. The latter part of the song proceeds with more regularity.

"La bella mia Tiranna," a favourite Duet, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Mrs. James Colquhoun, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this duet is agreeable, and the two voices are set with considerable ability, so as to act in counterpoint, or in responsive imitation. The accompaniment, in several places, appears to us rather unusual, and not, on that account, the more attractive.

Tête-à-Tête, a Selection of National Melodies, arranged as Duets for juvenile Performers on the Piano-Forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 3s.

According to the title, we find in this book a great variety of well known tunes, such as, *Pray Goody—Maid of Lodi—Sprig of Shilalah—Robin Adair—Lieber Augustine—Nos Galon—Copenhagen Walz,* and as many more. The arrangement for four hands is satisfactory and easy.

Mozart's celebrated Overture to the Zauberflöte, newly adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Violin and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. T. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.

In our opinion this overture is Mozart's masterpiece; a transcendent effort of the greatest musical genius, which will long, if not ever, stand unrivalled, and which, notwithstanding the depth of science it exhibits, never fails in electrifying the untutored ear equally with the most refined connoisseur. Mr. R. has arranged it with ability and judgment; although the violin and bass accompaniments might have been set to greater effect. However, as the parts for these instruments are *ad libitum,* we are aware that, to answer that object, a more confined portion of the essential harmony could only fall to their share.

The Magpie and Maid, a new Song, composed by John Purkins. Pr. 1s.

As neither the poetry nor the music seems calculated for severe critical scrutiny, we will briefly inform our readers, that "The Magpie and the Maid," while it affords no cause for absolute censure, gives no room for particular praise: it seems to have been written for the spur of the moment, and so far may have attained its object.

"Moll Pately," a celebrated Dance, (see the Spectator, vol. 1. No. 67.) arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by S. Wesley. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Upon this old and, in some of its turns, rather original tune, Mr.

Wesley has reared a superstructure which every lover of sterling harmony will deem a masterly performance. It is in Mr. Wesley's best style. To the Grub-street composers of the present day we should recommend a perusal of the piece before us, as a means of humbling presumptuous ignorance, were there not reason to believe Mr. W.'s labour far above their comprehension. But to the zealous student the careful analysis of a production like this will afford infinite benefit. He will, for instance, be able to form a correct idea of the requisites of a proper bass accompaniment, and cannot fail to be sensible of the difference between Mr. W.'s treatment of the left hand and those guitar basses or dodgings by loving thirds, which we have so frequently to wade through in our critical investigation of modern productions. In short, the real amateur will find in the present publication a rich display of every species of skilful harmonic arrangement, guided by matured experience and great versatility of invention. A performer of some proficiency is required.

No. I. "*Catherine's Cottage*," *the Words by Miss Edgeworth, the Music* by J. Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is much unassuming *naïveté* in the general melody of this poetical trifle; the text is expressed with characteristic fidelity, its occasional repetitions are extremely natural and well imagined, and several of the ideas possess a superior degree of attraction. Of the latter description is the passage, "Turn swift, turn swift, my wheel," &c. (*p.* 2, *ll.* 2 and 3); which is, moreover, conspicuous on account of its agreeable accompaniment in the manner of wind-instruments. The short minor strain (*l.* 4) is very appropriate, and remerges into the major with much ease. The conclusion of the song, with its varied repetitions, is tastefully wound up. In *p.* 2, *l.* 2, the rhythm drags a little at "And leave my heart no time to feel." But this objection, if any, is too slight to affect the favourable impression which the aggregate merit of the composer's labour cannot fail to produce upon the cultivated ear.

"*The Lord's Prayer*," *set to Music* by Henry Denman, Organist of Portland Chapel, *suited to the capacities of Children.* Pr. 1s.

"*The Creed*," *intended as a Companion to* "*The Lord's Prayer*," by the same. Pr. 1s.

These two sacred compositions, short as they are, deserve our favourable recommendation in no small degree. The ideas are not throughout original, nor do we think, with the author, that their comprehension or execution lies altogether within the reach of children; but we are bound to own, that few pieces of this description and of so limited an extent, have given us equal satisfaction. The author has, in their construction, given unequivocal proofs of a refined taste, chaste conception, and elevated feeling. The melodies are soft and pathetic, and the harmonies evince good musical knowledge. Some rhythmical unevenness occurs here and there in the periods, but this could hardly be avoided in the musical arrangement of a text in prose.

"*The three Roses*," *elegant (!) Divertimentos, fingered for the use of*

juvenile Performers, composed by Augustus Reise. Pr. 5s.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable bias produced on our expectation by the self-praising title, we recovered our impartiality as we proceeded in the examination of Mr. Reise's "Three Roses." The publication comprises three divertimentos, viz. The China Rose, the White Rose, and the Damask Rose; and each divertimento consists of two distinct movements. All these pieces are conceived not only in a light and easy style, but with a degree of taste and spirit that renders them truly pleasing to even more than a common ear. The subjects of most of them are neat and lively; and the digressive matter, without affecting unseasonable eccentricities, or dropping into hacknied vulgarisms, is always natural and entertaining. Mr. Reise's labour therefore fully and meritoriously accomplishes the object proposed. We do not see the necessity or usefulness of indicating the fingers for *every note* in the book. On the contrary, in our opinion, the learner derives greater advantage from being left to his own judgment in cases where he can scarcely help fingering properly of his own accord.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

[It is our intention henceforward to devote a portion of the REPOSITORY to this department; and we are confident, that so far from having occasion to apologize, we shall receive the thanks of our readers for this mode of occupying a few of our pages, and that the SELECTOR will soon become an universal favourite.

We take this opportunity to request authors and publishers to favour us with the loan of new works, or to furnish us with such extracts from them as are suitable for this article.]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND PAMELA.

From *Memoirs and Confessions of Captain* ASHE.

AT Lausanne I met with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who honoured me with his friendship, and proposed to take me in his carriage all the way to Brussels, free of expence, if I would accompany him on foot in an excursion among some of the most mountainous cantons in Switzerland. I eagerly embraced this flattering proposition.

We first repaired to Berne.—The way passes through a garden, one of the finest I have ever seen. The trees on both sides bend under the weight of the rich fruits with which they are overcharged, and the golden grain waves over the fields, where they spread out to a wider distance. It was a holiday. The peasants, in their best attire, were making merry in the houses of public entertainment, smoking their pipes, carousing with wine, and joyously shouting through the air—"Thus lives the jolly Switzer!"

As we passed the town of Murten, our guide, who carried a change of clothes, asked, "Would

you not chuse to see the remains of our enemies?"—"Where?"—"Here, to the left." We followed his steps, and through a large iron trellising saw a heap of human bones. Their origin was this:—Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was one of the most powerful princes of his time, and personally one of the most daring and heroic; but his ambition made him the constant terror of his neighbours, and a scourge to the human race. In the year 1476, he determined to make war on the Swiss cantons, and to crush their proud liberties under the iron sceptre of tyranny. His army marched.—Their banners blazed in the sky, and the earth groaned under the movements of their engines and artillery. The troops of Burgundy were drawn out in array on the banks of the lake, and Charles looked with envious eye towards the vales of Switzerland, already counting them his own: but at once the signal was given, and the alarm pervaded all Switzerland—"The enemy approaches!" was the general cry. The peaceful shepherds left their cottages and their flocks, seized their battle-axes and spears, and while the love of their country swelled their hearts, rushed down like the alpine torrent upon those hosts of foes that menaced the passages of their hills. Charles's cannon played upon the Swiss, but they came on unappalled. The Burgundian ranks were broken, and their fire was silenced.—The duke himself plunged on horseback into the lake, and his stout courser conveyed him safe to the further shore. A few trusty servants were the attendants of his flight: he was reserved to perish afterwards by his own hand. Looking back to the field of carnage out of which he had escaped, and beholding the general slaughter of his army, he indignantly cried—"Shall I be such a dastard as to survive their fall?" and with a pistol put an end to his existence. The Swiss afterwards gathered up the bones of their slaughtered enemies, and deposited them together in a heap, which still remains there. I, for my part, exulted in this triumph of liberty; but, although Lord Edward was an innate and professed lover of freedom, it was not so with him: he shuddered at the sight of such a monument of the errors and miserable mortality of man. "And you, men of Switzerland," exclaimed his lordship, "how can you behold with exultation such trophies as these? Were not the Burgundians your brethren of humanity? Why should not the remains of these thirty thousand Burgundians have been watered with your tears, committed with decent solemnity to the earth, and dishonoured with no other monument, than that on a simple funeral structure should have been inscribed, in honour of the conquerors, this brief memorial:—'Here fought the Swiss for their country: they record their victory, but they mingle tears with their songs of triumph.' —— Oh!" continued his lordship, "had you, men of Switzerland, done this, then might your glory have been pure, and your triumph fitted to command the sympathy of every generous heart: but hide, oh! hide this monument of barbarous ferocity in triumph; and when you boast of the proud

name of Switzer, remember there is one yet far more honourable—that of man!"

Previously to Lord Edward's tour in Switzerland he had resided in France, and for a sufficient time to form the most pure and fixed attachment for Pamela, the natural daughter of the Duke of Orleans, afterwards surnamed Egalité. The attachment was an imprudent one; and the duke, dreading its termination, sent Palema out of the kingdom, instructing the governess to whom he confided her, to place her at a convent in Switzerland, and after her noviciate to see her made a permanent sister of the nunnery. The place of her retreat was kept a profound secret, nor could all the ingenuity and research of his lordship discover any thing more than the broad fact above stated.

The frequent agitation and abstraction of Lord Edward's mind, convinced me that he had a silent sorrow there which he wished to conceal, or of which he feared the discovery. Whatever it was I respected it, and perhaps never should have known its nature, had it not been that, after several days' travelling, our undirected steps brought us to the convent of Vilvere. The deep-toned bell, and the vestured saints that attended the shrine within the grating, announced the hour of orisons to be near. We entered the chapel just as the curtain was drawn from the front of the vestal gallery. It had before concealed the nuns from the observation of the spectators below, and now one of these lovely victims attracted much of the public attention. A veil of the purest white, which swept with graceful folds to the ground, fell from her head; a crown of thorns encircled her brow. Trembling with tears, her soft eyes shone like the moon before a storm; now bright, now dark, now dim. She seemed an angel at the shrine; and as with pious rapture she kissed the cross, the solemn organ pealed to the skies, and filled the mind with the delusions of a dream.

The scene now changed, and we had a nearer view of this interesting object. She was conducted to an altar in the chapel, which was covered with cloth of the blackest hue. She knelt—her gentle bosom heaved—the lily usurped her cheek. The sigh expressed by piety, spoke resignation to her fate. The expecting crowd gazed on the maid, and a moan escaped from every breast. From this we learned, that for the sweet victim the shrine was thus decked out. She rose from prayer; with tremulous voice was about to make the vows by which she would have engaged herself to quit the world for ever, and live immured within the cloister's shade, when Lord Edward approached the base of the altar, and snatching from her hands the scroll from which she intended to recite her vows, the dove-like eyes of Pamela now viewed for the first time in Switzerland her Lord Edward's face. The parchment was torn, and the happy Fitzgerald pressed the trembling Pamela to his tender breast. An awful silence now ensued. Pale terror overspread the face of the abbess. It reigned a moment, and was chased by one loud burst of vengeance. "Go to

thy cell, and hide thee there," cried she to the affrighted victim; but all pitied and admired the pair, earnestly wishing to know their story. Besides, the holy benediction was not given—the last solemn vow not taken. What was the abbess to do? Violence she durst not use. She strove for speech, but it was in vain. Pamela appealed to the people, and declared that she was about to take the veil through tyranny, not by choice; that she was betrothed to Lord Edward, and had no other desire than that of leaving the convent and giving him her hand.

The times were favourable to the lovers, for the discipline of the convents was much relaxed. The abbess was soon brought to her senses, and a handsome bribe from Lord Edward procured him access to her parlour, where he saw his beloved Pamela when he pleased, and where he negociated with her father that treaty which effected his marriage with the object of his affections, thus allying him to the royal house of France.

PASSAGE OF THE GRAND ST BERNARD.

From Coxe's *Picture of Italy*.

This passage is not difficult in fine weather, but it is terrible in winter, particularly from November to the middle of April. The great quantity of snow which falls on this mountain raises the road 30 or 40 feet, and when the accumulated snow begins to melt, the greatest dangers are encountered, the *avalanches* being very frequent in the month of March. In the year 1800, Bonaparte led his army of reserve over Mont St. Bernard, previously to the battle of Marengo. Of this circumstance David painted a fine picture, lately exhibited in London. On whatever side one looks, these *avalanches* are seen to fall with a frightful noise, and to lie in heaps at the foot of the rocks, which sometimes they cover entirely. The gusts of wind also are extremely violent; they lift up the snow, which soon obliterates the road, and buries the unfortunate traveller. But from May till September, the passage of St. Bernard is free from these dangers. Were it not for the *Hospice*, or convent, on its top, this mountain would be impassable in winter; and even with this aid, many persons are lost in the snow, as the bones and corpses in the two chapels witness.

From Martigny to the *Hospice*, or convent, there are about thirty miles of road. From Liddes to St. Pierre, three miles; at this place are about sixty mules. This country is remarkable for the deep ravines, lined with rocks, into which the Drance throws itself. The view of this Niagara of the Alps, whose waves are always boiling and foaming, greatly augment the beauty of this scene, which is by some preferred to the fall of the Rhine. But the most astonishing sight is the enormous cavity hollowed out by the Drance, under the town of St. Pierre; the descent to this spot,

though somewhat difficult and sombre, will amply repay the traveller. From St. Pierre, where is a Roman military column, it is about nine miles to the *Hospice*, and about three miles from the former place we pass the last larch-trees and white partridges, which are found in great numbers. The ascent continues for two hours after all vegetation ceases, through a vast desert. We travel entirely on snow, which is so hard and compact as to leave scarcely any marks of the horses' shoes.

A valley next presents itself, which may with great propriety be called the *valley of stones*. We now traverse the valley of la Combe, where the snow somewhat diminishes, and at length arrive at the *Hospice*. When the neighbouring heights are covered with thick fogs or mists, the *Hospice* appears to touch the clouds, and has a very striking effect. On the side next Italy is seen the site of an ancient temple of Jupiter, from which several ex-votos and other antiques have been dug up. The medals found here have been made into two candlesticks for the service of the church; and a terminal Jupiter, with an altar, was discovered, and sent to to the Museum at Turin. In this *Hospice*, in this asylum of hospitality and virtue, are deposited the ashes of General Desaix, who fell at the battle of Marengo. On the monument are engraven the numbers of all the demi-brigades of the army of reserve under Bonaparte, who in 1800, from the 15th to the 29th of May, effected the memorable passage of St. Bernard. The uncle of Charlemagne, Bernard, conducted by this route into Italy, more than 30,000 men, in the month of May, 755: hence the name of Bernard, instead of that given by the Romans, *Mons Jovis*. In the war of 1792, some Swiss and Sardinian battalions retreated from Savoy by this road to Aoste. Napoleon lodged at Martigny, in the priory of the fathers of St. Bernard*; he then slept at Orsières; at St. Bernard he took some refreshment, looked over the convent, and took up his lodgings at Etroubles.

The convent of St. Bernard, founded in the year 968, is situated 8074 feet above the level of the sea†, and is undoubtedly the most elevated habitation, not only in Europe, but over all the ancient continent. No *chalet* is to be met with at that height. It touches the boundaries of everlasting snow. In the height of summer the least breeze makes the cold unpleasant. The thermometer, in this season, descends almost every evening nearly to the freezing point, and below it if the wind be northerly. M. de Saussure observed it below zero on the 1st of August, at one o'clock p. m. though the sun was continually piercing through the clouds.

On the 25th of August, 1801, M. Bourrit remarked, that the environs of the convent were covered with snow, and that the thermometer was at °.

Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,

* Here reside those few superannuated fathers who are unable to endure the severity of the winter on the top of the mountain.

† This lofty situation is still overlooked by peaks 1500 feet higher.

The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach 'em how to run;
Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heav'n's upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring nor summer on the mountain seen
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green;
But hoary Winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;
Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boisterous court,
That in thick showers her rocky summit shrowds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.
SILIUS ITALICUS, b iii. *translated by Addison.*

The little garden of the monks produces, with the greatest difficulty, by the end of August, a few stunted lettuces and cabbages, a little spinage, and some sorrel; all the necessaries of life, as bread, wine, flour, cheese, dried fruits, and wood for fuel, are brought at a great expence from the neighbouring valleys. The wood, of which a great quantity is consumed, is carried a distance of twelve miles on the backs of mules, by a steep path, which is open for six weeks only in the year. The milch-cows also must be supplied with forage: the horses winter at Roche, in the government of Aigle, where the convent has a farm.

The ecclesiastics who live in the convent, are from ten to twelve in number, and are canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. Their active humanity saves many lives every year, and the hospitality with which all strangers are received, reflects the highest honour on the order to which they belong. Every one is treated with the greatest affability, and the poor are supplied *gratis* with clothing. The sick find all the relief which medicine and surgery can afford them, and that without distinction of rank, sex, country, or religion. For all this care and trouble, nothing is demanded of the traveller but to inscribe his name in an *album*, a book kept for the purpose.

This, like all the other mountain-convents, is supported by an annual collection in the neighbouring parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy, and by the casual offerings of those whom curiosity may attract to this useful establishment.

From November to May, a trusty servant, accompanied by an ecclesiastic, goes every day half way down the mountain in search of travellers. They have with them one or two *large dogs*, trained for the purpose, which will scent a man at a great distance, and find out the road in the thickest fogs, storms, and heaviest falls of snow. Suspended from their necks are little baskets with meat and drink, to refresh the weary traveller. These dogs are of a dusky fawn-colour, mixed with white spots; they never offer to bite strangers, and seldom bark.

The fathers themselves also perform this act of humanity. Often are they seen anxiously looking out, from the highest summits of the rocks, for the storm-beaten traveller. They show him the way, lead him along, holding him up when unable to stand alone; sometimes even they carry him on their shoulders to the convent. Often are they obliged to use violence to the traveller, when, benumbed with cold and exhausted with fatigue, he earnestly begs that they will allow him just to rest, or to sleep for a few moments on the snow. It is

necessary to shake him well, and to drag him by force from insidious sleep, the fatal forerunner of death. *Nothing but constant motion can give the body sufficient warmth to resist extreme cold.* When the fathers are compelled to be out in the open air in severe frosts, and the depth of snow prevents their walking fast enough to keep the blood in circulation, they strike from time to time their hands and feet against the great staff shod with iron, which they always carry with them, otherwise their extremities would become torpid and frost-bitten. Scarcely a winter passes, however, that some traveller or other does not perish, or have his limbs bitten by the frost. In all these cases the use of spirits, strong waters, or sudden warmth, are highly pernicious; rubbing the body with snow, or immersing the limbs in ice, is the only certain remedy. An Englishman, of the name of Woodley, who accompanied M. Bourrit in his ascent to Mont Blanc, was compelled to keep his feet in ice and salt for *thirteen days*; another companion lost his sight for three weeks, and a third suffered a long time from having his hand frost-bitten.

When the snow has covered any one to a great depth, the fathers take long poles, and sounding in different places, discover, by the resistance which the end of the pole meets with, whether it be a rock only or a human body. In the latter case, they soon disengage it from the snow, and have often the glowing, heartfelt satisfaction of restoring to "light and life" one of their lost fellow-creatures.

Every year 7 or 8000 persons traverse the Grand St. Bernard; and sometimes six hundred have passed in a day. In the year 1782, the same evening, there were 561 travellers, who consumed four oxen, twenty sheep, and three large sacks of flour. From 1798 to 1806, *one hundred and fifty thousand persons* have lodged in this convent, besides which, in the whole year, it had a *regular garrison* of 600 men. In the year 1799, the Austrians climbed these mountains, and attempted to destroy the *Hospice* and the posts. They fired all day from the rocks; but the French, who had possession of the convent, kept up such a well-directed fire of musquetry and small artillery, that the Austrians could not force it; the troops who were at St. Pierre also hastened to the assistance of their brethren in arms, and soon put the Austrians to flight. A singular spectacle this for the fathers to behold from the windows of the convent; it was, doubtless, the first, and we hope the last of this nature.

Who would imagine, that this solitude, rendered sacred by the exercise of all the virtues, should be subject to the depredations of robbers? Some thieves having entered the convent as guests, soon displayed their real character, by levying a contribution on the good fathers: they, however, undismayed, feigned consent, and while arranging the terms of capitulation, their captain, prior Murrith, followed by those *braves soldats*, his dogs, entered, and immediately, at the word of command, flew upon these wretches, and would have torn them to pieces, but for the intercession of their master. Instead of plunder, they asked for pardon, and were suffered to depart under an escort of the next travellers who arrived at the *Hospice*.

THE BRAHMIN AND THE MICROSCOPE.

From *The Moral Tendency of Knowledge, a Lecture, by* Thomas Williams.

The inconveniencies attending the first perceptions of knowledge were perhaps never so strongly depicted as in the Oriental Memoirs of Mr. Forbes. This gentleman, when in India, formed an acquaintance with an intelligent and respectable Brahmin. The religion of these men permits them not to destroy life, nor to swallow any creature which has possessed it; and so strict are some, that, in the season when insects abound, they cover their mouths and nostrils, and sweep the ground with a soft broom, that they may not tread on them. Mr. Forbes had a solar microscope sent from England; and, showing it to his Hindoo friend, demonstrated the impossibility of his eating any fruit and vegetables without swallowing the animalcules which adhere to them. The Brahmin was astonished, and seemed gratified; but begged importunately for the microscope, *so* importunately that, at length, Mr. Forbes reluctantly resigned it to him. A momentary gleam of joy flashed across the Brahmin's countenance; and, grasping the instrument, he immediately descended from the verandah, where they were conversing, into the garden, when, seizing a stone, he instantly smashed it to pieces. On assigning his reason for this act, which he did a few days afterwards, "Oh!" he exclaimed, "that I had remained in that happy state of ignorance wherein you first found me! yet will I confess, that as my knowledge increased, so did my pleasure, until I beheld the last wonders of the microscope. From that moment I have been tormented by doubt, and perplexed by mystery; my mind, overwhelmed by chaotic confusion, knows not where to rest, nor how to extricate itself from such a maze. I am miserable, and must continue to be so, until I enter into another stage of existence. I am a solitary individual, among fifty millions of people, all educated in the same belief as myself, all happy in their ignorance! So may they remain! I shall keep the secret within my own bosom, where it will corrode my peace and break my rest; but I shall have some satisfaction in knowing, that I alone feel those pangs which, had I not destroyed the instrument, might have been extensively communicated, and rendered thousands miserable. Forgive me, my valuable friend, and, oh! *convey no more implements of knowledge and destruction!*" So unwelcome is truth and science to the children of Ignorance and Bigotry; and if we were to listen to their pleas, there is an end at once of all attempts to enlighten them, or to do them good.

HELEN-MARIA WILLIAMS.

From *Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors.*

This lady has figured very considerably during the revolution in France, where she has resided almost from the very beginning of its troubles. In 1779 she resided at Berwick, but not long afterwards came to London, under the patronage of Dr. Kippis, who first introduced her to the world as a writer, when she was about eigh-

teen years old. The success of her first poem encouraged her to pursue the literary career in a number of ways; but that in which she was most eminently successful was in the character of a novelist. Two volumes of her poems were published by subscription, and produced her a considerable sum, which enabled her to visit France about the year 1788. The reception she experienced in that country induced her to leave her own entirely in the turbulent era of 1791, and she has continued to reside at Paris ever since. During the reign of Robespierre, she was for some time confined in the Temple; but when the tyrant fell, she obtained her release, and resumed her literary and political course, having the noted Mr. Stone for her friend and protector. Though a violent republican, this woman could stoop to eulogize the late usurper of France; and, to her eternal disgrace, she undertook the employment of editing the Correspondence of Louis XVI. accompanying all the letters with the basest calumnies, and the most brutal observations.

This lady has recently published a volume, which, if it does not completely atone for the bad qualities of her former works, will at least entitle her to respect. In this performance she has given some particulars of Bonaparte, of whom she was once an admirer, because he was an admirer of Ossian. The following anecdote of that man, however, indicates that she had some reason to form a different opinion of him several years ago, and before his assumption of the imperial dignity:—"Bonaparte," says she, "considered the English newspapers as good as diplomatic dispatches, and containing more accurate information of the state of Europe than the reports of his emissaries in foreign courts. His translators made such strange blunders in the transcript of names, that he often himself collated the translation with the original. In one of these surveys, my name fell under his notice, prefixed to a few verses I had written on the peace of Amiens. He enquired why they were not translated. The translator, with whom I was acquainted, answered, that this had been omitted in conformity to his orders to translate nothing of literature or poetry in which his name was not mentioned. But could this be possible? *An Ode on Peace*, without any mention of the *great pacificator!—le grand pacificateur!* — words which now resounded throughout all France; words that were engraved on marble in palaces, and stuck up below his bust, placed as a sign-post at the door of every hedge-alehouse on the highway. The ode was translated; and if the First Consul was angry at what was omitted, he was far more irritated at what he found: this was the epithet of *subject* waves applied to Britain:

"And thou, lov'd Britain, my parental isle,
Secure, encircled by thy subject waves."

This was touching a jarring string indeed—this was declaring myself of the faction of sea-despots. It was almost treason; but I had friends at court, and therefore escaped with a slight punishment, inflicted a few months after by the prefect of police, who arrested me and my whole family, on pretext of examining my papers; from which ordeal I came out triumphant, having been detained a prisoner only twenty-four hours."

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Ackermann begs leave to inform the readers of the Repository, that he is preparing a General Index to the fourteen volumes which form the First Series, in order to facilitate the reference to its multifarious contents. With this index he purposes giving a view of the arrangements of the late treaties concluded by this country with France and the Allies, by way of winding up the Monthly Retrospect of Politics, which, during the late eventful period, formed a prominent feature in this publication, but which necessarily becoming dull and uninteresting in a period of profound tranquillity, it has been deemed advisable to discontinue. This, together with the index, will form a supplementary number of five or six sheets, for which the publisher will charge only such a price as to clear his expences (probably about two shillings). He hopes to have it ready for delivery on the 1st of February, and advises subscribers to the former Series to wait for its appearance before they give out the fourteenth volume to the binder.

Mr. Ackermann is also preparing for publication a work drawn and engraved in imitation of chalk, in a very bold style, by Prout, representing the various characters of Boats, Barges, and Rustic Cottages, designed to assist the young student in Landscape and Marine Drawing. It will appear in eight monthly numbers, in royal quarto, the first of which will be published on the 1st of January, 1816.

The same publisher also announces a highly interesting and useful work, under the title of *Rowlandson's World in Miniature*, which will consist of twelve numbers in royal 8vo. each to contain five engravings of small groups of figures of every possible kind for landscape decoration. The ease and order with which Mr. Rowlandson composes his groups, promise high gratification to the lovers of landscape-drawing and painting. The first number will appear on the 1st of February next, and with the last number will be given an instructive Treatise on Grouping.

Mr. John Varley, the celebrated landscape-painter, has nearly ready *A New System of Perspective*, in which he has succeeded in simplifying that complex art in a very ingenious manner. It will be published, for the author, in a few days, by Mr. Ackermann.

The first number of the *History of the Royal Colleges and Schools of Winchester, Eton, Westminster, St. Paul's, Christ's Hospital, Charter-House, Harrow, Merchant Taylors', and Rugby*, some time since announced by Mr. Ackermann, will appear on the 1st of January, 1816. It will extend to twelve monthly numbers, forming a handsome volume, as an Appendix to his Histories of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

A new edition, being the third, of Mr. Accum's useful work on the application of Gas to the purposes of Illumination, is in the press.

The friends of English botany will learn with satisfaction, that a Continuation to the *Flora Londinensis* of Mr. Curtis, is now in course of publication. The work is illus-

trated with figures of the natural size, and magnified delineations of the plant dissected, to show the parts of fructification, &c. The descriptions, in Latin and English, are by Wm. Jackson Hooker, Esq. F. R. A. and L. S. author of the Tour in Iceland, &c. &c.; and they will not be confined to a mere recital of the different parts of the plant, but whatever may be connected with its history, and whatever may tend to illustrate ancient authors, or throw light upon neighbouring species in our own or any foreign Flora, will find a place in them; and the uses of the plants in agriculture or medicine, and in the arts, will, as far as possible, be carefully recorded.

The first part of W. Woolnoth's *Graphical Illustration of the Metropolitan Cathedral Church of Canterbury*, is now ready for delivery to subscribers and the public. It is accompanied by a History and Description of that venerable fabric, forming in itself a History of English Architecture, from the glimmering dawn of Saxon effort, until it reached its zenith in the tasteful productions of Chillenden or of Goldstone. This portion is submitted to the public as a fair specimen of the whole work, which will form a handsome volume in 4to. containing twenty very highly finished plates.

James Simpson, Esq. advocate, of Edinburgh, has just published *A Visit to Flanders in July*, 1815, in a small volume, with a plan of the battle of Waterloo.

A novel, by Miss Griffiths, entitled, *She would be a Heroine*, will shortly make its appearance.

Mr. Elton is about to publish a new and improved edition of his translation of *Hesiod*, uniform with his specimens of the Classic Poets.

An elegant pocket edition, in three volumes, of the works of Ovid, from the text of Burmann, is just ready for publication. This forms one of a complete series of the Latin poets and historians, publishing under the title of *The Regent's Classics*. The authors already published are, Horace, Virgil, Terence, Juvenal, Perseus, and Lucan.

Dr. Carey is about to publish a new and improved edition of his *English Prosody*.

Mr. Pope is preparing a new edition of his *Abridgment of the Laws of the Customs*. It will make its appearance as soon as he is enabled to avail himself of the alterations which may be expected to take place at the ensuing meeting of parliament.

A Collection of Essays, illustrating the most approved dairy practice in the best districts, is upon the point of publication. It is a work calculated to introduce uniformity in the manufacture of butter and cheese, and promises to be serviceable to the farmer as well as to the public.

Gulzara, Princess of Persia, or *the Virgin Queen*, a work collected from the original Persian, will appear this month.

Mr. Booth has in the press, an interesting *Treatise on Flower-Painting*, containing familiar and easy instructions for acquiring a perfect knowledge of the art; also directions for producing the various tints, by G. Brookshaw, Esq. The work will appear early in February, and will contain twenty - three

plates, including twelve to be accurately coloured from nature.

Mr. Black is translating from the German, and will shortly publish, Schlegel's *Course of Dramatic Lectures*, in two volumes 8vo.

Dodsley's *Annual Register for* 1814, will be ready for publication in a few weeks.

Professor Jameson has just published a new edition of Cuvier's *Theory of the Earth*, with considerable additions.

The future parts of the new edition of Sir William Dugdale's *Monasticon*, will be conducted by John Caley, Esq. Keeper of the Augmentation Records, Henry Ellis, Esq. Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, and the Rev. Bulkley Bandinel, Keeper of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the former sole editor.

The sixth part of the *Portraits of Illustrious Persons*, with biographical memoirs by Mr. Lodge, will be published in a few days. The subjects are, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland; Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury; Elizabeth Woodville, Duchess of York; Lord Keeper Coventry; and Walter, first Lord Aston.

The Mirror for Magistrates, edited by Joseph Haslewood, Esq. with the various readings from all preceding editions, and numerous illustrative notes, is now ready for publication. The impression is limited to one hundred and sixty copies, nearly the whole of which are engaged.

Mr. Bliss has just published the second volume of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, and proceeds to press with the third without interruption.

A new volume of *Paris Chit-Chat*, being a third, is in the press; and also a new edition of the preceding volumes. This panoramic view of Parisian society, published in France under the title of *Le Franc Parleur*, will thus be completed.

Shortly will be published, a new work, entitled *Headlong Hall*, in one volume foolscap.

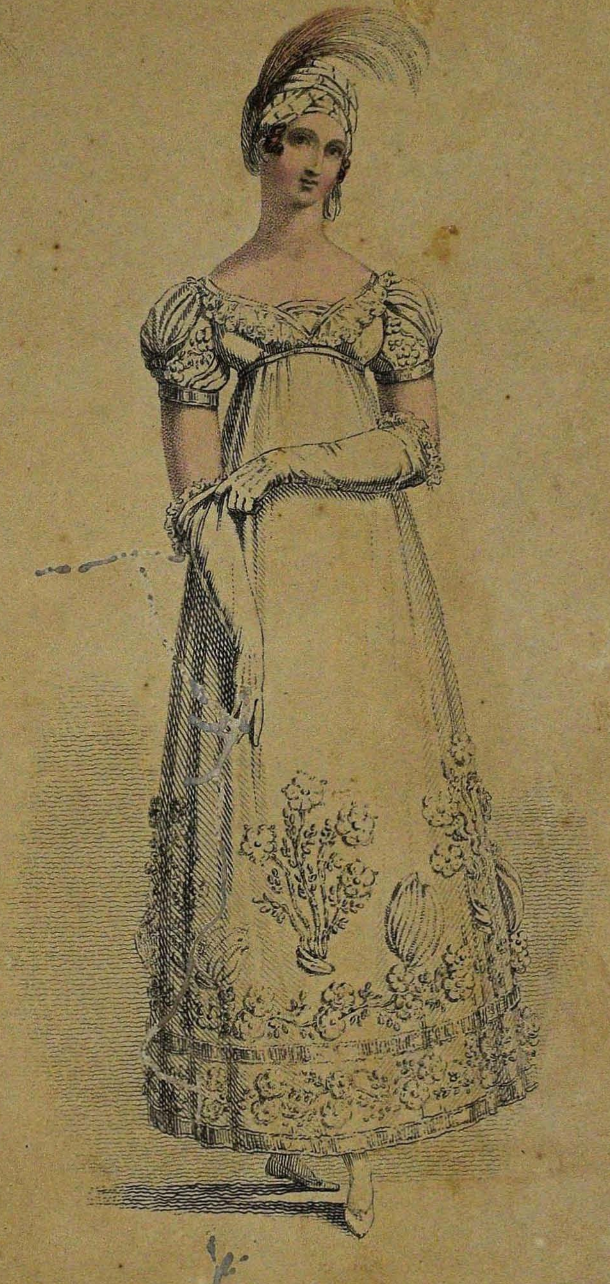
The election for the office of Physician to the City Dispensary, in the room of Dr. Walker resigned, took place on Wednesday, the 6th of December. At the close of the ballot the numbers were as follows:—

For Dr. Uwins . . .	370
Dr. Martin . . .	127
Majority in favour of	——
Dr. Uwins	243

There is at this time in a course of preparation for public view, a Picture of the *Site of the ancient Jerusalem, and the adjacent Country as seen from the Mount of Olives at this day.* This picture, which is upon a very large scale, is from the pencil of an artist of great respectability, and is painted from the original drawings of his son, who travelled in the East about four years ago. It is executed in oil, upon a square of canvas exceeding a hundred feet in length, and of a height proportionate; and has occupied three years in painting. Those who are aware of the danger of such an enterprize, will best appreciate the value of these authentic drawings: the Turks, those fanatic masters of the Holy Land, esteem the city sacred, and any attempt of this kind, if unhappily detected, would have been instantly punished, according to their laws, with a cruel and ignominious death.

CARRIAGE DRESS

Pla



EVENING DRESS.

The bare mention of such an undertaking will be sufficient to excite the most lively sentiments in its behalf. We are persuaded no effort of the pencil will be welcomed with more heartfelt zeal by all who have the advancement of religion in view; nor can we doubt, that the artist himself, who has so laudably bestowed the required portion of labour on an undertaking of such public good, will be rewarded with becoming liberality.

Messrs. Burr and Ballisat have in preparation a large print of the *Battle of Waterloo*, painted by Mr. D. Dighton, military painter to H. R. H. the Prince Regent; size 28 inches by 19.

Among the Continental countries which have imitated Great Britain in its societies for the distribution of the Bible, is Saxony, where, on occasion of the visit of the Rev. R. Pinkerton, in Aug. 1814, an institution of this kind was established at Dresden. The Count of Hohenthal-Königsbruck was chosen president, and several persons holding the highest offices in the state were appointed vice-presidents and directors. The correspondence is carried on by three secretaries, among whom is Mr. C. A. Böttiger, whose reputation as an eminent literary character is not unknown to the English reader. The king has not only been graciously pleased to express his satisfaction with the efforts of this society, but exempted all letters and packets sent by it from the payment of postage. On the 10th of August last, a public meeting was held to celebrate the first anniversary of this institution. From the reports read on this occasion by the secretaries, it appears, that during the past year 1479 Bibles and 307 Testaments had been distributed. The total receipts of the society amounted to 7088 rix-dollars, including a grant of 500*l.* (2817 rix-dollars) from the British and Foreign Bible Society in England, and the expenditure to 1667, leaving a balance of 5421 rix-dollars. We learn also from these reports, that a translation of the 10th Report of the British Society was made, by direction of the latter, by Mr. Peter Mortimer of Herrnhut; that 4000 copies of it were printed, and were expected to produce the best effect.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—MORNING OR CARRIAGE DRESS.

High dress, composed of the finest dark blue ladies' cloth; it is made up to the throat, but without a collar, has a slight fulness in the back, and falls very much off the shoulder; the front is tight to the shape, and the waist very short. The trimming is dark blue satin, to correspond; it is cut byas, laid on double and very full: long plain sleeve, finished at the wrist with satin; French ruff of very rich lace. Head-dress *à la mode de Paris;* it is a cap composed of white lace, and ornamented with two rolls of ribbon to correspond:

the form of this cap is in the highest degree original. Gloves white kid. Sandals blue kid.

PLATE 5.—EVENING DRESS.

A white crape frock over a satin slip; the frock is superbly ornamented with French Lama work in silver; the dress is cut very low all round the bosom, and the crape fronts are open at each side, so as to display the white satin one underneath. The sleeve is an intermixture of white satin and crape; the latter full, the former tastefully ornamented with silver, to correspond with the bottom of the dress. Head-dress, a white crape turban, ornamented with silver and a long white feather. Necklace and ear-rings of pearl. White kid gloves, drawn nearly to the elbow, and finished at the top by a quilling of tull. White satin slippers. This frock is also in high estimation for a ball-dress, with the hair full-dressed and pearl ornaments, or a comb composed of pearl and coloured gems.

We are indebted to the tasteful fancy of Mrs. Bean, of Albemarle-street, for both our dresses this month.

It having been intimated to us by several of our subscribers, that a few observations on the fashions of the month would be a desirable addition to our engravings, we beg leave to inform them, that a certain portion of our work shall in future be devoted to the subject of dress.

Our observations on the English fashions shall contain an account of every thing worthy of the notice of our fair readers, which may appear during the month, in morning, dinner, and evening dress; as well as the various changes that may take place in the promenade and carriage costume: nor shall jewellery be forgotten; the fashion of jewellery varies less frequently than any other part of female attire, but whenever a change does take place, our readers shall have the earliest information of it.

Although the French fashions, in their present fantastic and unbecoming form, can never appear to our fair country-women worthy of imitation, yet as they may feel some curiosity respecting the decoration of the French *belles*, we have engaged a correspondent, on whom we can rely, to furnish us with a correct account of the Parisian fashions, which shall appear every other month.

In addition to our descriptions of dresses, &c. we shall give observations on their form and effect, and as these will be strictly impartial, our country subscribers will be able to judge how far such or such an article of dress is becoming and tasteful, or otherwise. It may be said, we promise largely: we are aware of it; but with the opportunities we possess, and the indefatigable industry which we are determined to exert, we hope that our subscribers will, at the end of a few months, allow that our performance has at least kept pace with our promise.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Dec. 14, 1815.

I SHALL now endeavour, my dear Sophia, to fulfil my promise of describing to you the ball dress of Madame la Duchesse de —. The under dress, composed of white satin, is made rather long behind, but shorter in front than they are worn; it is trimmed round the bottom with four falls of white crape richly embroidered in gold, which fall one over another; these fa

MUSLIN PATTERNS.

are in the form of shells, and the effect is really novel and striking. The body is made very short in the waist, and quite tight to the shape; the front is a stomacher, embroidered at each side with gold in a light pattern, and laced up before with gold cord; the sleeve is very short, and not very full. The upper dress, composed of blue crape, is just short enough to display the trimming of the under one; it is trimmed round the bottom with a full band of blue crape, which is laid on in three deep plaits, and divided at nearly half a quarter distance by gold ornaments in the form of lilies, but very small. The body of the crape dress, plain at top, has an easy fulness at the bottom of the waist; the front comes down at each side in the shape of a handkerchief, and displays the white satin stomacher: the sleeve, which is very full, is composed only of one piece, which has, however, the appearance of three, from the manner in which it is formed; it is drawn in three places in draperies, which are fastened up with gold lilies, and these draperies partially display the slight embroidery which ornaments the bottom of the under sleeve. The head-dress, a magnificent bandeau of diamonds, with one long white ostrich feather. Necklace, a diamond *négligée* and cross, and diamond ear-rings in the form of pearls. The *tout-ensemble* of this dress pleased me very much; it is, indeed, the prettiest thing I have seen since I came to Paris for evening dress: but still it is not altogether the sort of thing which a woman of really elegant taste would introduce; it is overloaded with ornament, and that in a style too heavy for a ball-room.

With respect to jewellery, you are misinformed, my dear Sophia; French taste in that particular is much better than you suppose it: it is true they wear a great deal of jewellery, and they are fond of coloured stones, which are certainly set in a very glaring manner; but the taste for mere baubles is quite exploded, at least in the higher circles; their ornaments now are all of value. The favourite form for necklaces continues to be the *négligée*, which is composed of emeralds, topazes, or any other coloured gem set in gold and intermixed with pearl; from this frequently depends a cross of diamonds, or a locket set with coloured gems; some are in the form of a heart set with rubies, others, of an oval shape, have a bouquet of lilies, the leaves formed of emeralds. Diamond or pearl ear-rings, the drops in the shape of pears, are most prevalent; but I have seen some in pearl and rose diamonds where the drop was in the form of a heart. Our friend, Miss S——, has a pair which are literally *clusters of pearl;* that is to say, a cluster or knob of pearl, nearly the size of a hazel-nut, is affixed to the ear-ring instead of a drop. This modest gem is much worn by the Parisian ladies, out of compliment to the Duchess d'Angouleme, who is known to have a predilection for it. Her royal highness's tastes are not in general those of her fair country-women; and with all her virtues, with all her amiability, she is far from being popular: it is said, that this arises from her partiality to the English, whose man-

ners and customs agree with her pure and simple tastes better than those of her own country. On her first arrival, the ladies flocked to pay their respects to her, dressed in *grande costume*, and loaded with jewels: she received them with much affability, but her manners were grave, and her dress, which was extremely simple, was quite in the English style. This was considered as a very serious affront by Madame la Marechale ——, Madame la Comtesse ——, and several other Madames, who, though they had, previous to the Revolution, exercised the professions of semstresses, laundresses, and even other trades not quite so reputable, yet conceived they had a right to be well received at court, and accordingly they gave themselves the air of appearing before the amiable duchess. The next time they waited upon her *en deshabille*, but the mischief did not stop there; they abused her taste, accused her of a partiality to England prejudicial to her native country, and directly set up Maria Louisa, whom till then they had detested, as an amiable and unfortunate victim, whom all people of sentiment (a quality by the way which all French women possess *theoretically*) must love and pity. The duchess has since done all she could to conciliate them by a compliance with their modes, as far as her natural delicacy and good taste would permit her to comply with them. She has revived the fashion of lappets, which are now an indispensable appendage to a court dress, and which were always worn in the time of her martyred mother. But let me conclude this long digression, and return to the subject of my letter.

For half-dress jewellery, the only ornament in estimation is fine coral. The French *belles* have an absolute passion for it; bracelets, necklaces, ear-rings, and even ornaments for the hair, are all composed of it: it is even worn by a few *élégantes* for evening parties, when they are social ones.

Cloth pelisses, riding-habits, *capotes*, and spencers, are all worn in the promenade costume. Pelisses are made tight to the shape, with long plain sleeves, and three capes in the pelerine form: these capes differ from the pelerine as worn in the autumn, for instead of being rounded in front, they are always cut in right angles; and it is curious enough, that, notwithstanding their affected disdain of our fashions, the favourite trimming for pelisses is byas satin, which is put on plain, and nearly half a quarter in depth, as was the mode in London more than a year ago. Riding-habits are little worn, and there is nothing in them worth your notice; but *capotes*, as the fashionable great-coats are styled, would be pretty, were it not for the incongruity of satin capes of a different and often of a glaring colour; as, for instance, French rose on white, and light green on orange cloth. The *capote* is made like a great-coat, lined with silk, and trimmed with satin; the capes are three or sometimes four in number, composed entirely of satin, and placed rather more than an inch one above another.

Spencers appear to me better and more becomingly made than any thing else in the walking costume; they are worn in different colours, but black velvet predominates: the waist is very short, the

body, tight to the shape, is buttoned down the front, and the long plain sleeve is simply ornamented with blond at the wrist; the spencer is finished at the waist with a row of deep black lace, which forms a kind of jacket, plain in front and full behind; and a row of black lace, which is put full round the shoulders, forms a false cape, which is very becoming to the shape. Low and long ends at the back finish this spencer, which is considered as the most fashionable, and usually worn over a dress of English cambric muslin, made in the same manner as the chintz dress described in my last, except that the flounces are not edged with ribbon. The bonnet worn with this pretty spencer seems to have been invented by the genius of bad taste. Figure to yourself, my dear Sophia, a frightful high-crowned bonnet, composed of green velvet and trimmed with red! The top is cut in square pieces, which fall a little over the crown, and which are edged with red; a band, composed of red and green ribbon to correspond, goes round it and fastens it under the chin, and it is lined with red and green stripes of velvet. This bonnet would be thought on our stage an extravagant caricature of French taste, even if worn by Mrs. Fulmer, in the *West Indian*, who, you may recollect, is always extravagantly dressed in the French style; yet, frightful as it is, it is much admired here.

Next to it in estimation is a bonnet of yellow satin, trimmed with black velvet; the crown composed of intermingled black velvet and satin, and the front ornamented with a quilling of white blond: this bonnet, though too showy, is yet rather pretty. The only French hats which I think really becoming, are those composed of grey velvet and lined with white; they are always ornamented with feathers, sometimes white, sometimes grey and white: hat feathers are now the only ones worn.

White Merino crape is in high estimation for dinner dress, and also for the promenade. In the former it is trimmed either with velvet or ribbon; for the promenade, a short round dress, which displays a rich scolloped flounce of work or lace round the petticoat, is most fashionable. Furs are less worn than they have been for some winters past; muffs are seen occasionally in the promenades, but their number is very limited.

There is no alteration in the form of dinner dress since I wrote last, but the materials have altered a little; velvet is partially worn, satin not at all, but rich worked muslin, stout sarsnet, and Merino crape, are universal.

Trains are revived for full dress, balls excepted. The favourite materials for full dress are, silver striped gauze, and white or coloured crapes trimmed with Lama work: the bodies are all made similar to the dancing dress I have described; but some *belles*, who dislike a stomacher, substitute a white satin body, trimmed with blond, in its stead. If the stomacher is worn, it is of course embroidered to correspond with the trimming.

And now, my dear Sophia, as I know you are a connoisseur in caps, I shall close my letter by a description of some which are esteemed the most fashionable in half-dress.

First, the *tocque à la d'Angouleme*,

composed of white lace and satin intermixed, the lower part a mob, on which is placed a round and rather high crown; the mob is lace, and the crown satin; two pieces of white satin, cut something in the form of half-handkerchiefs, and edged with lace, are placed round the crown in such a manner that you see only the top of it; a band and bow of white satin, and a full quilling of lace or blond round the face, finish this cap. The one next to it in estimation is also a mob of rich worked muslin; the crown is composed of the same materials; it is round, and not very high; it is full in the front, and the top is edged with lace; a full plaiting of blond, and a bunch of winter flowers at the side, finish it. But the prettiest I have yet seen, is a kind of double cap, if I may be allowed the expression; it is what we would call a cottage cap in the crown, and a mob in the lower part: it is also composed of rich worked muslin, the upper part tastefully ornamented with lace in waves; it is finished by a band of white lace edged with pink, a pink bow on one side, and a bunch of roses; the front trimmed with a narrow lace set on plain round the mob, except just on the forehead, where it is very full. Adieu! dear Sophia; I have just room to say, that I am always your

EUDOCIA.

I had forgotten what you will consider as very essential, the fashionable colours for the month: they are dark brown, yellow shot with green, crimson, the darkest bottle green, celestial blue, pale lavender, and that incongruous mixture, green and orange shot. Once more, adieu!

Poetry.

TO WELLINGTON.

ARTHUR, dread chief of Waterloo,
Who tore from off Napoleon's brow
The wreath of gory laurel,
Obtain'd by deep-inflicting woes,
Alike entail'd on friends and foes,
With whom alike he'd quarrel.

Nelson hath re-appear'd in thee;
On France, by land, as he by sea,
Thou'st Britain's vengeance hurl'd:
Thou at her call went'st nobly forth,
And, both by valour and by worth,
Restor'dst a tott'ring world,

Laid'st low his doughty *cuirassiers,*
And *guard imperial,* which for years
Upheld his guilty sway;
O'erthrew'st his other chosen bands,
Reserv'd to fall by British hands,
In one terrific day.

Join'd with *thy name,* in ev'ry clime,
Whilst there shall ought remain of time,
That day will live in story;
And grateful EUROPE, with delight,
Thy proudest titles thus recite:
"*Our Saviour—Britain's glory.*"

J. HILL.

THE SNOW SCENE.

By J. M. LACEY.

All night the snow had fallen fast,
No wind was heard, no bitter blast
Had drifted heap on heap;
When morning came, a scene was there,
A dazzling scene, as bright and fair
As pictures form'd in sleep.

Each shrub and tree was clad in white,
In truth it was a beauteous sight,
A wedding robe they wore;
But soon the north wind rudely blew,
Their robes of snow then swiftly flew,
And left them as before.

Methought it emblem'd earthly bliss,
Whose airy frost-work like to this,
When roars the storm of fate,
Shrinks from the blast's unkindly pow'r,
Whilst man laments misfortune's hour,
And joy's uncertain date.